HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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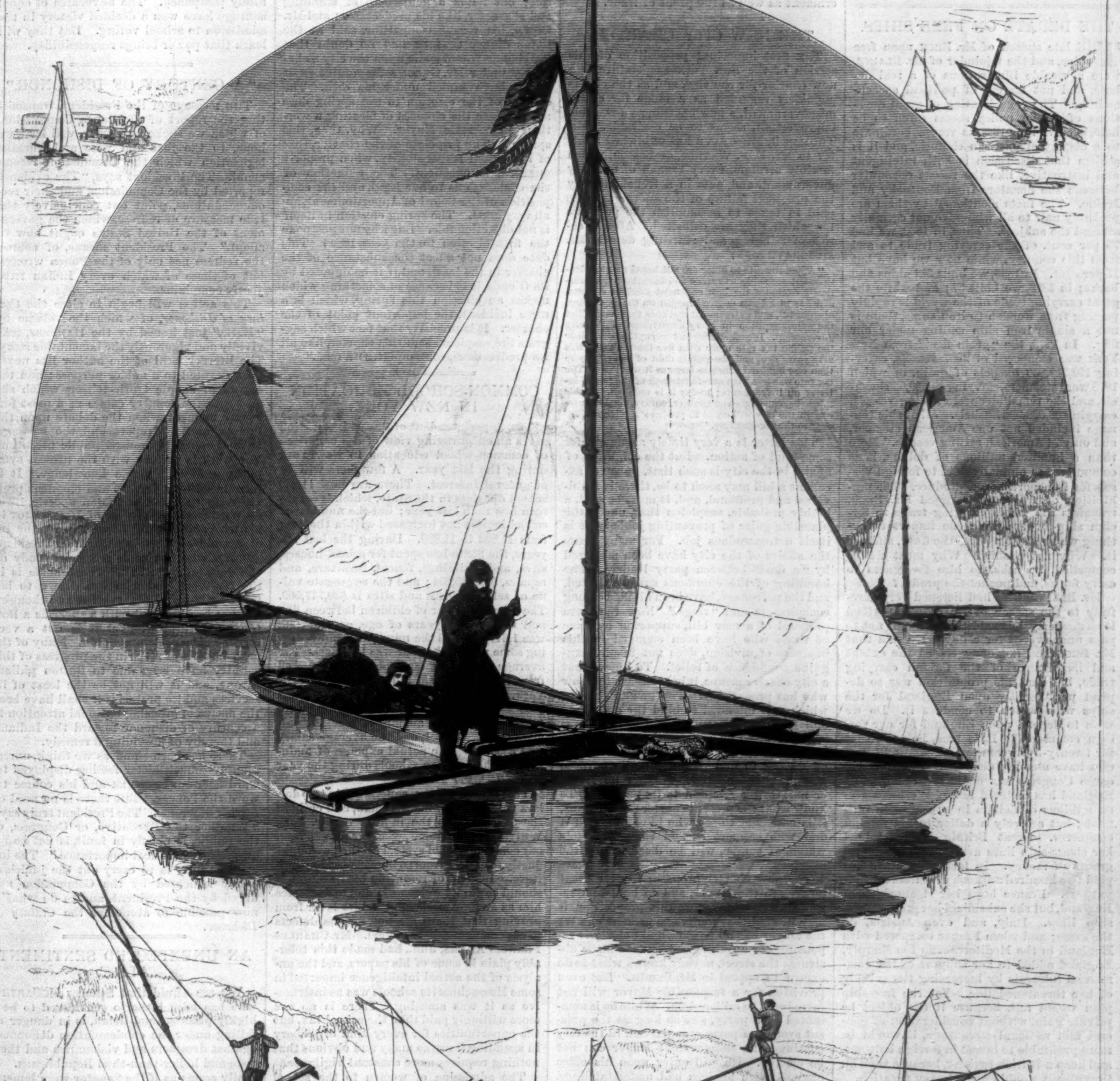


ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.—Drawn by F. S. Cozzens.—[See Page 119.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 19, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 67 *of* Harper's Young People, *issued February* 8, *contains "Muffled," an Indian story, by* W. O. Stoddard, *illustrated by* Frenzeny; *"Lily's Ball," republished from* Harper's Weekly *by request; an article on the pirate* Kidd; *Chapter Nine of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby is embarrassed by the honor shown him, illustrated by* Rogers; *the story of "A Snow Blockade," by* James B. Marshall; *two full pages of Children's Carnival Sketches; an article by* Miss Ward *on Embroidery for Girls, with patterns; Chapter Two of "Phil's Fairies," illustrated; Jimmy Brown's description of his monkey, with six illustrations; "Predicaments," a new game, by* G. B. Bartlett; *charades, poems, Our Post-office Box, and other attractions.*

THE DEBATE ON FREE SHIPS.

The late speech of Mr. Beck upon free ships, and the rejoinder of Mr. Blaine, were agreeable illustrations of a real debate, and not merely of political speech-making. The consideration of great questions of public policy seems often to be held, even in Congress, as very subordinate to a display of partisan rhetoric, and it is seldom that discussion is both intelligent and instructive, like the recent encounter between the Senators from Kentucky and Maine. The facts mentioned by them are probably new to all who have not carefully studied the subject. Thus, in 1860, we had 75 per cent. of the carrying trade to and from this country, while now we have but 17 per cent. In 1855, we built 381 ships and barks; in 1879, we built 37; and while the great carrying trade of the world is rapidly passing from wooden to iron ships, there is not a single iron ship sailing under our flag. In 1879, the "grain fleet" from New York was composed of 2987 vessels, carrying 102,312,568 bushels of grain, of which 1075 were steamers, carrying 42,420,535 bushels, and the remainder were sailing vessels, carrying 59,892,033 bushels. All of this tonnage included not one American steamer, and only 74 American sailing vessels. More than a hundred millions of dollars, it is computed, are annually paid to foreign vessels for transporting our produce. The prohibition of free ships, argued Mr. Beck, transfers the whole carrying trade to foreign ship-owners. We can import everything we need, by paying the duty, and use it. Why not a ship? Why must we be compelled, he asks, to hire foreigners to carry for us, and pocket the profits?

Mr. Blaine, who had listened very carefully to the speech of Mr. Beck, described it as masterly, but said that it ought not to pass unanswered for a day. He said that Mr. Beck had not exaggerated the extent and importance of the foreign carrying trade, but that his proposition was to depend permanently upon England for the ships with which to conduct it. Do we wish to depend upon England for our foreign commerce? It is true, he said, that for twenty-five years our navigation interests have steadily declined. But it is because Congress has neglected them, while England has fostered hers. We have given millions of dollars in subsidies to railroads, but scarcely a dollar to aid foreign commerce. Great Britain has sustained her steam-ship lines everywhere by liberal grants of money. In forty years, she has paid two hundred millions of dollars for that purpose. France buys her steam-ships in England, but she subsidizes her great steam-ship lines. Italy, and even Austria, do the same; and when France competed with England in the Mediterranean too sharply, England added to her support of her commercial interests by increasing the subsidy of her threatened line. Yet the free-ship plan would fail, because if the object be private gain, without consideration of general and national advantage, it would be more profitable to invest in foreign bottoms, and keep a British register, because such an investment would escape heavy taxation.

Mr. Blaine briefly alluded, but in the strongest terms, to the weightiest argument upon his side, the vital relation of the navy to the mercantile marine. Out of that marine the navy grows. Our geographical position makes a navy indispensable. But when we are absolutely dependent upon England for our mercantile marine, how are we to sustain our ship-building industry? The debate, which is essentially one of protection, returns to the gravest question involved in all debates upon free trade—how far is it wise to deprive ourselves of the ability to supply whatever is absolutely essential to national defense? Should we pursue a course which would make us dependent upon other nations, which might be our enemies, for guns and ammunition? The true object is not commercial only, but it is also political. It is not merely to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest, but it is to secure the independence of the country whose government is the surest guarantee of liberty. Mr. Webster, in the famous speech to which Mr. Beck alluded, justly praised the manner in which the American marine nearly sixty years ago maintained itself against universal competition. But if it had not maintained itself, as it has not for the last twenty-five years, there is little doubt what policy Mr. Webster would have favored. Of course we are not arguing that the tariff, the operation of which Mr. Beck trenchantly described, is not largely responsible for much of the prostration of the commercial marine. But there is no doubt that Mr. Blaine was right in saying that the question can not be considered intelligently, nor finally decided, without considering the navy as well as the commercial marine, the security of the government as well as the profit of trade.

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

The first important proposition of this session of the New York Legislature is a new charter for the city, and as the city is popularly regarded as a name for costly misgovernment, a new charter, as a possible improvement, seems to be desirable. Mr. Thomas B. Musgrave has published a letter to Mr. E. F. Waters, of Boston, which forcibly arraigns every branch of our city government, and puts in a trenchant way the practical failure of the enormous sums paid in taxes to accomplish the purposes for which they are collected. After a series of stinging and startling details, Mr. Musgrave says:

> "Appointments to office are not based on qualification, but are subject to trade and bargains; this practically excludes the best and most efficient citizens, and has in a large degree brought on the oppressive, disgraceful, and extravagant methods that now afflict the administration in every department of the city government. Incompetency and corruption have made the public tax rate more than five times what it was fifty years ago, and the public debt of the city more than one hundred times as large as it was then. The tax rate was less than one-fourteenth of the rate of interest on investments; to-day it is one-half. If this mismanagement goes on another century, taxable property in the city will cease to produce any income except to the tax-gatherer."

This letter is a very timely argument for some kind of action. But the condition of affairs in the city is such that, however excellent a bill may seem to be, there is a universal and profound, and, it must be said, a highly probable, suspicion that, under the plausible guise of preventing jobbery, it is itself a tremendous job. For many years the affairs of the city have been managed by "a deal" between party leaders. The handling of the enormous sums collected, and the patronage, have been divided among conspirators and "rings." Now the mere proposal of a new bill, supported by some of those who have been engaged in this business of division, does not inspire sanguine confidence of relief. To know what a city charter means, it is necessary to know who has prepared it. The Tweed charter, which was intended to bind the city, hand and foot, to the control of the Ring, was highly praised by some good citizens. But it was enough to know that it was the work of knaves, to understand that its purpose was plunder, and that, whether obviously or not, it was adapted to its purpose. To know what the present charter really means, it is necessary to see who have prepared it and who support it, and these are facts which, of course, will be disclosed by the discussion.

The new charter proposes to give great powers to the Mayor, and to hold him responsible. In favor of this proposition it may be said that under the present charter the Mayor has no powers, and nobody is responsible for anything. If a dead horse obstructs the street, nobody knows what to do except to appeal to Mr. Bergh. But even provision for a responsible Mayor will not introduce the millennium. While he is nominated by a party, and so long as the present system of party organization in the city continues, an independent Mayor can not be elected. He will enter upon his office chained with pledges and understandings. But, for the present at least, he will probably be a man of some character, and his consciousness of individual responsibility will be a conservative force. Yet the proposed power of the Mayor should be carefully considered. It is very great. He will have virtually, directly and indirectly, the appointment of all the chief municipal officers, and through them of the 8000 persons upon the civil list of the city. Such power in the hands of an honorable and well-disposed citizen is safe. But laws are made to prevent disorder. Such power in the hands of an ambitious and unscrupulous officer would enable him to make it a very difficult task to deprive him of it. Here as everywhere it is plain that such enormous patronage as is concealed in this responsibility should not be tolerated, but that the principle of appointment upon proved merit alone should be introduced into the city administration. The new charter also reduces the hydra-headed commissions to a single head, which is a provision aiming at the same efficient responsibility.

A queer and suspicious point in the charter is the election which is ordered for this spring. A spring election, while the present political system continues, can not affect general results. It may, however, be well enough. But why begin the change this year? An election would cost the city about $200,000; and a Mayor has just entered upon his office who has done nothing whatever calling for such summary eviction. Why should not the contemplated responsibility of appointment and removal be thrown upon him as well as upon some new man? Mr. Grace is not of our politics, nor will any Mayor elected by the dominant party in the city be of our politics; but he is a gentleman of standing and character, like his predecessor; and Mr. Dowd, his recent competitor, said at the Lotos dinner that he had no doubt that Providence would smile upon the city as benignly under Mr. Grace's Mayoralty as it would have smiled under his own. The change of the election to the spring does not increase the chances of electing a worthier Democratic Mayor. Why, then, this spring? The principle of the charter, that of individual responsibility, when properly guarded, is excellent. The reduction of the commissions to one head, and the composition of the Board of Apportionment, are all very good. The spring election in itself is not objectionable. But why not postpone the first election to the year 1882? This date does not affect the substance of the charter in the least, and if it be opposed by its friends, it is because of something which makes an election this spring, which is a mere incident, the important point of the charter. It is precisely that fact which suggests the suspicion that this charter, like all its predecessors, contemplates "a deal."

COMMON-SCHOOL EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction gives an encouraging view of the condition of common-school education in New York during the last year. A few facts will be of general interest. There are now 11,263 school districts in the State, which is seventeen less than last year; but the number of school-houses has increased within the year from 11,862 to 11,899. During the last ten years, the State has spent for school-houses, sites, and buildings, fences, furniture, and repairs, $16,345,054; and the aggregate value of school-houses and sites is $30,747,509. The whole number of children between five and twenty-one years of age, as reported, was 1,641,173, and the number of pupils during some part of the year was 1,031,593. The average daily attendance per teacher ranged from 12, in Hamilton County, to 43, in New York. The whole number of teachers was 7992 males and 22,738 females, making a total of 30,730. The amount of teachers' salaries was $7,638,921, and the average salary was $369 56. The actual expense of maintaining the common schools during the year was $10,296,977 26.

This enormous sum, equivalent to two dollars paid by every man, woman, and child in the State, makes the inquiry of Mr. R. G. White very pertinent, whether we get from our common-school system all that we ought justly to expect from so immense an expenditure. Instead of resenting his question, it should be gladly welcomed; and to denounce him as an un-American grumbler is far from proving that there are not serious defects in our common-school system. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., had made this tolerably plain in some of his papers, and the analysis of the actual intelligence imparted in some Massachusetts schools was as instructive as it was amusing. There is no tax more willingly paid than the school tax, but the opportunities for every kind of jobbery in spending it are so many and obvious that nothing requires more constant vigilance.

The admission of women to the school meetings is one of the chief events of the school history of the last year, and the Superintendent believes that it will prove to be advantageous. He is of opinion that the law upon this point requires elucidation; but he has accepted all the results of the last elections, even where determined by what he is inclined to regard as unqualified voters, but he suggests that the Legislature should define the qualifications more accurately. The development of this extension of suffrage to women will be watched with great interest, because in New York and Massachusetts the results of the last year seem to show that there is not a very general desire among women to vote. Time will show how far this is merely due to the novelty and to the want of habit, and it will show also whether the women's vote is merely material for demagogism, and whether it results chiefly in doubling, without changing, the vote of the men. Having gained the opportunity for equal voting upon one of the most fundamental and vital of common interests, the friends of equal suffrage, as a matter of policy, might wisely concentrate their attention upon this point. For so long as women will not vote upon the school interests of their children, it will not be believed that they care to vote upon a tariff or upon national banks. It is true that they should be allowed to decide for themselves, like men. But the first step to procure this permission is to show that they care to vote where they are not prohibited from voting. If the result of the freedom already gained is to show that women do not wish to vote, or that they are merely counters in the game of designing men, the consequence will inevitably be that the general enfranchisement of women will be indefinitely postponed. The advocates of equal suffrage have won a decided victory in the admission to school voting. But they will learn that power brings responsibility.

"A CENTURY OF DISHONOR."

The message of the President, transmitting the report of the Ponca Commission, of which we spoke last week, will lead, we hope, to the just and wise and humane legislation which the Commission recommend. The President says, "The evidence reported by the Commission, and their recommendations, point out conclusively the true measure of redress, which the government of the United States ought now to adopt." The President means, of course, the redress not only of the Ponca wrongs, but of those of which every Indian tribe justly complains.

This action will begin to close the *Century of Dishonor*, of which the volume by "H. H.," just issued by the Harpers, tells vividly and vigorously the lamentable story. The literary skill of the author has never been devoted to a nobler purpose; and the appeal of simple truth-telling which she makes to the country comes at a most fortunate moment, when the debate upon the Poncas, and the report and the message, have thoroughly aroused public attention. The work is written with the utmost sympathy and with ample knowledge. It is introduced by a fervent and eloquent preface from the modern Indian apostle, Bishop Whipple, worthy peer of John Eliot in his wise and faithful friendship for the Indian, and by a forcible paper from President Seelye, who has made a special study of the question. "H. H.," whose home is in the far West, and who was drawn to her work by her own observation and thought, can not be dismissed with a sneer as a Boston philanthropist. Yet it is not a very terrible form of denunciation. Many of the most important steps in the progress of this country have been due to Boston philanthropy, and it will not be the least of its services and its praises if it shall have been the means of arousing national attention to a century of dishonor toward the Indians, and thereby of providing a remedy.

There has been—and, as we think, unreasonably—much bitter feeling displayed toward Secretary Schurz and his course toward the Poncas. But there is no need of further difference. The President truly says, "Whether the Executive, or Congress, or the public, is chiefly in fault, is not now a question of practical importance." The immediate duty is to carry out the judicious policy indicated by the Commission and urged by the President, and to do what is now possible to atone for the *Century of Dishonor*.

AN UNEXPECTED SENTIMENTALIST.

We are afraid that Senator McCarthy, who has been hitherto considered to be a highly practical politician, is in danger of falling under the condemnation denounced against dreamers and visionaries and theorists and holier-than-thou Republicans. It really seems as if the Senator were lamenting other people's sins, and as if he were afraid that the heavenly pavement would soil his skirts. He has apparently been emitting sentimental nonsense in a grave legislative document, and forgetting that everybody in politics was always a rascal, and always will be. It is melancholy to see a statesman of such excellent repute for good sense falling into a principle, and appealing to reason and experience. Indeed, it can not be concealed that certain remarks in the report of Mr. McCarthy, which we shall quote, introducing the new city charter, reek with the odious slime of civil service reform. Now civil service reform, as the Senator must know, is pronounced, by statesmen who hold "heeling" to be the true qualification for the public service, to be super-sublimated nonsense.

In his report Mr. McCarthy says: "The city offices are filled with retainers of political organizations, who make it their primary duty to attend to the interests of their political masters." But Mr. McCarthy surely knows that this is the very essence of the spoils system, which we are constantly told is the only sensible American plan. He proceeds to remark that therefore the committee heard from the witnesses examined by them that every branch of the city administration is perfect, that not a messenger can be dismissed nor a salary reduced, and that nothing can be conceived more honest, efficient, and economical than the conduct of our municipal affairs. Certainly: there was never a leech nor a barnacle who did not say the same thing. A continental chorus of heelers, high and low, vociferate that anything else is sentimental. What says Mr. McCarthy, after forcibly depicting the familiar facts?

> "These evils, far-reaching in their results, must be remedied, if improvement in the administration of the public business in the city is to be secured. To secure improvement there must be accountability and control in every branch of the administration. And as far as possible political influences must be eliminated. Not political availability, but administrative fidelity and capacity, must be the determining causes of appointment to office. To accomplish this in practice is a problem not easy to solve. The subject is a vast one, and worthy of all the consideration it can receive. Many remedial measures have been suggested, each having several good features to commend it, but in the opinion of the committee the matter must be dealt with as a whole, and not in isolated parts. The roots of existing evils must be eradicated, and a system established the main features of which shall be increased efficiency, increased responsibility, and increased economy."

This is sheer reform. "Not political availability, but administrative fidelity and capacity, must be the determining causes of appointment to office." A charter which will secure that, is a charter to be sustained, because it would secure both efficiency and economy. It is as true of the State and of the national as it is of the municipal government. Senator McCarthy's remarks are as full of common-sense as they are of reform. But who would have believed that he would turn out to be a mere sentimentalist!

DELEGATE REPRESENTATION.

Mr. John A. Martin, the member for Kansas of the Republican National Committee, has submitted a plan of delegate representation in the National Convention, to which we recently referred, but without stating its general principle, which is to base representation upon the Republican vote. This is the present plan for the State Conventions of twenty-three States, and is in itself evidently just. The basis for the National Convention, however, is population, which is that of the Congressional apportionment. This makes an equal representation of Republican voters and a fair expression of Republican sentiment impossible. At the Chicago Convention of 1880 there were 738 delegates. The Republican vote in 1876 was 4,033,950. If every delegate had represented an equal number of voters, the basis of representation would have been 5466. But in fact, upon the basis of population, some delegates represented less than 2000, and some more than 7000, Republican voters.

Mr. Martin proposes to give each State, as now, four votes at large and one for each district, and as many additional votes at large as the number of times that 12,000 is contained in the total Republican vote. This would give a body of 816 delegates from all the States, of which only 293 would be district delegates. But this tends to thwart the purpose of the last National Convention, which was to base the Convention, so far as practicable, upon the districts.

The Springfield *Republican* proposes, as an improvement upon Mr. Martin's plan, to allot to each State as many delegates as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress, the former to be selected at large, the latter by districts, and another delegate to each district represented by a Republican in Congress, and to the State as many more delegates at large as it has Republican Senators, to be selected in the same way. This seems to be a simpler plan, and one that would remove the difficulty suggested by Mr. Martin. Any method which diminishes the power of the district would be objectionable, for the present great object in practical politics should be to resist the crushing force of overorganization.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEYSHIP.

The President has been censured for not reappointing General Woodford as Attorney of the Southern District of New York. His principle, it is said, is that no honest or efficient officer should be removed, and no one could question General Woodford's integrity. But this is not quite the whole case. The President also issued an order respecting activity in political caucuses and conventions, striking at a very great abuse, and although the letter of the Attorney-General explained away much of its force, it can hardly be said that a gentleman in office who has conspicuously disregarded it has any strong claim to be renominated at the close of his official term. General Woodford has not been technically removed; he has not been re-appointed.

We do not propose to discuss the order at length, but it seems to us plain that if the President believed such an order to be necessary, he should have removed those who violated it; but if he thought fit not to do so, he was certainly under no obligation to reward the violation. If any officer felt that he was enslaved by the order, he was at perfect liberty to take his own course, as Mr. Cornell and Mr. Payn and Mr. Woodford took theirs. But the President had no less liberty. Our regret has always been that in issuing the order, the reasons for it were not fully stated, and that it has not been firmly enforced. If it be true that participation in the public service ought not to disqualify an American citizen for his political duties, it is equally true that it ought not to furnish him with the means of corrupting other citizens, and of debauching public morals; and this is unquestionably done in fact by many of those who control the minor patronage, and, until that evil is corrected, temporary remedies are necessary. The unofficial voter in caucus and convention has no defense against the illicit use of patronage but the intervention of the President.

We shall not be understood as pointing any insinuations at General Woodford. We have never heard nor supposed that he had misused in any way any power that he possessed, and we share the general respect for him as a citizen and a gentleman. But we do not think that upon any sound principle whatever was the President under obligation to renominate him. The nomination of Mr. Forster, should it be confirmed, will secure to the public service not less integrity, ability, and courage than it loses by the retirement of General Woodford.

CANADIAN CANAL COMPETITION.

Mr. Dutcher, the Superintendent of Public Works in New York, in a vigorous report, strongly supports the general views of the State Engineer, Mr. Seymour, which we stated last week. He says that with the completion of the Canadian canals the competing power of the Erie Canal will be fully tested; and he adds:

> "Every improvement that can be made to add to its capacity and usefulness should be made promptly, and the revenues carefully husbanded and devoted to such improvement. The distance from Chicago to Liverpool, *viâ* Montreal, is 4045 miles; the distance from Chicago to Liverpool, *viâ* New York, 4442 miles: difference, 397 miles, or nearly ten per cent., in favor of Montreal. The Erie Canal is 345 miles in length, while the Canadian Canal is but 71 miles; the former has 72 locks, the latter 54. The Erie boats can carry 240 tons; the Canadian boats, from 1600 to 1800 tons. The larger vessels on Lake Erie and the ocean, with such improvements as can be made in the Erie Canal, and the best possible terminal facilities at Buffalo and New York for loading and unloading boats, coupled with a low fixed rate of harbor and commission charges at those ports, will help New York to maintain her commercial supremacy. The extraordinary increase in the productions of the country, and the still more extraordinary demand for our agricultural products abroad, coupled with the inability of the railroads to afford sufficient carrying facilities, demonstrate to our people, more clearly than ever before, the value of this great waterway."

NOW AND THEN.

Just at the close of the last national administration, changes were made in some important offices in New York for the exclusive benefit of what is known as the machine. Some officers whose terms had not expired were removed, and others were not re-appointed. The hope was that President Hayes, in accord with his declared views, would not remove the new men so long as they were not officially dishonest, and that they would work diligently during his administration against its principles and its policy. That hope has not been disappointed. Many of the officers so appointed have flagrantly and ostentatiously violated the well-known wishes of the Hayes Administration in regard to the political activity of such officers, but the Administration, despite urgent remonstrance, has declined to remove them. Their terms of office have now expired, and President Hayes has done precisely what President Grant, in the case of those whose terms had expired, did: he has nominated other persons known as supporters of the Administration to succeed them. We do not see by what right those who justified the changes of four years ago protest against those which are now proposed. If it was proper that Marshal Fiske should be turned out—for his term had not expired—to make room for Mr. Payn, it is evidently not improper that Marshal Payn should give place to Mr. Jacobus. Those who believe in this kind of politics can not complain. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Those who advocate the spoils system must not grumble when they are despoiled. One of the officers who was displaced four years ago was told haughtily that he had got his place very easily, and had held it for a long time. We commend that chalice to the lips of the gentlemen who are to be replaced. It is not we who prepare it, it is their own friends and the spoils system which they defend.

But it is said that President Hayes disclaims the spoils system. Very well, then it is only those who also disclaim it who have the right to call him to account. Those who sincerely sustain it as indispensable to republican government can logically only applaud when the President acts upon their principles, and rejoice when he seems to find his professed views impracticable. It is only the sincere civil service reformers who can honestly and consistently regret and condemn, as they do, every desertion by the President of his known principles. He ought long ago, in accordance with those principles, peremptorily to have removed an officer like Marshal Payn, and for the same reason to have declined to appoint a successor of the same kind. Had the new nomination for Marshal been made plainly in accordance with the declared principles of the Administration, the President's course, perfectly defensible by the ordinary practice, would have had also a moral support which can not be expected for a nomination which involves merely a personal change.

But while it is impossible for any honest friend of reform to approve some of the recent nominations, it is still true that very great progress has been made under this Administration. It would be very foolish for any one who is interested in that progress to insist that nothing has been done, merely because everything has not been accomplished. There have been flagrant inconsistencies in the course of the Administration, but it has nevertheless done very much more for reform than any other.

THE OBELISK.

The successful completion of Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe's task of transporting an obelisk from Alexandria to New York, and raising it upon its site in the Central Park, is a triumph of scientific skill which reflects great honor upon the American navy, while the simplicity and modesty of the officer who carried the enterprise steadily to its end are characteristic of the American gentleman. Of the intrinsic value of such a monument to the study of history and art in this community there is no doubt, while it will be always invested with a certain romantic interest, as of a royal exile in a strange land. Congress has most properly granted an American register to the Egyptian steamer *Dessoug*, upon which Commander Gorringe brought the obelisk to this country, and whose name will be always honorably associated with the monument.

THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.

A series of attacks on General Di Cesnola and the Museum of Art, charging fraudulent alterations of antiquities, appeared in the *Art Amateur* last August, signed by a professional dealer in antiquities in this city. As some of the daily papers gave wide circulation to the slanders, the trustees of the Museum ordered an investigation. President Barnard, of Columbia College, Rev. Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, and Judge Charles P. Daly formed, with two of the trustees, Mr. Ward, the sculptor, and Dr. W. C. Prime, the investigating committee. After an exhaustive inquiry, this committee of distinguished scholars report that the charges of fraud are wholly without foundation, and that the engravings which were published with the accusations, to illustrate them, are falsifications. It is evident that the whole attempt to injure General Di Cesnola and the Museum was a gross deception of the public. It is to be hoped that after a few more experiences of this kind the public will be glad to recognize in institutions like the Museum of Art a trustworthy source of instruction and information.

PERSONAL.

General Garfield is said to be the first active Knight Templar who has ever been elected President. Millard Fillmore, on the other hand, was wafted into the State Legislature from Erie County, New York, as an Antimason during the excitement that resulted from the abduction and murder of William Morgan.

—The habit of Thiers, so far as sleep was concerned, was of the most singular character. Every day at 7 P.M. he would undress and go to bed for an hour. He would awake promptly at eight to dine, at ten take a little doze in his chair, go to bed at midnight, and rise at 4.30. This was his invariable routine, and any departure from it annoyed him.

—Mr. Trevelyan intends, it is said, to abandon literature henceforth for politics. He is now Secretary to the Admiralty, with a salary of $10,000 a year, where he may be too much occupied to think of finishing his *Life of Charles James Fox*, which now breaks off just at the beginning of the great statesman's career.

—When the project of bringing the obelisk from Alexandria to New York was broached to Mr. Vanderbilt by one of the Park Commissioners and two of the directors of the Museum of Art, he manifested considerable interest, but as he had given the subject no thought, requested them to call on him next day, when he promised to decide whether he would subscribe or not. Next day the gentlemen called, but Mr. V. was unexpectedly called to Buffalo on business, and had left without any explanation to them. They telegraphed that they had kept their appointment, and in a few hours the Park Commissioner received this dispatch from Buffalo: "Arrange to bring the obelisk at once in Central. I will pay the entire expense. W. H. Vanderbilt."

—The fund of $250,000 to be presented to General Grant by personal friends has been entirely made up. Among the largest subscribers are John W. Mackey, the Bonanza King, W. H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and E. D. Morgan, who each give $25,000. Among other contributors are David Dows, Levi P. Morton, Pierrepont Morgan, Jesse Seligman, George W. Childs, A. J. Drexel, George Jones, and Sidney Dillon.

—The private library of Alexander H. Stephens is said to have cost about $25,000, and contains about four thousand volumes. It is especially full on political subjects, and contains nearly everything of value relating to the rebellion.

—Mrs. George Myer, ninety-two years old, residing in Juniata County, Pennsylvania, is probably the only mother in this or any country who has nine sons all of whom are ministers.

—Secretary Sherman, in his recent speech to the Boston merchants, said that recently looking into the beginning of the financial operations of the government, he found that the first entry, dated September 13, 1779, was a draft on the Bank of New York for $20,000 for the credit of Samuel Meredith, United States Treasurer, being part of a loan made by that bank to Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, and this was the first money received into the Treasury of the United States. The whole expenditures of the government for the first year were about equal to two days' receipts at the Treasury at the present time.

—Mr. Fair, of Nevada, is the wealthiest man in the United States Senate. Among others who are known to be opulent are Messrs. Hill, of Colorado; Hale, of Maine; Jones, of Nevada; Miller, of California; Mahone, of Virginia; Brown, of Georgia; Davis, of Illinois; Ferry, of Michigan; McPherson, of New Jersey; Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Platt, of New York.

—The London *Academy* (high critical authority), in a recent notice of the ninth annual address of the president to the Philological Society, delivered by Dr. Murray, the editor of the society's English Dictionary, says: "Dr. Murray warmly acknowledges the help he has received in America, and adds: 'I do not hesitate to say that I find in Americans an ideal love for the English language as a glorious heritage, and a pride in being intimate with its grand memories, such as one does find sometimes in a classical scholar in regard to Greek, but which is rare indeed in Englishmen toward their own tongue.' He then goes on to acknowledge the eminent services of Professor F. A. March, and of the American professors generally, and remarks: 'We have had no such help from any college or university in Great Britain. Only one or two professors of English in this country have thought the matter of sufficient importance to talk to their students about it, and advise them to help us.'"

—Eleanor Williamson, who died a few days since at the Chapin Home, in this city, was one hundred and four years old.

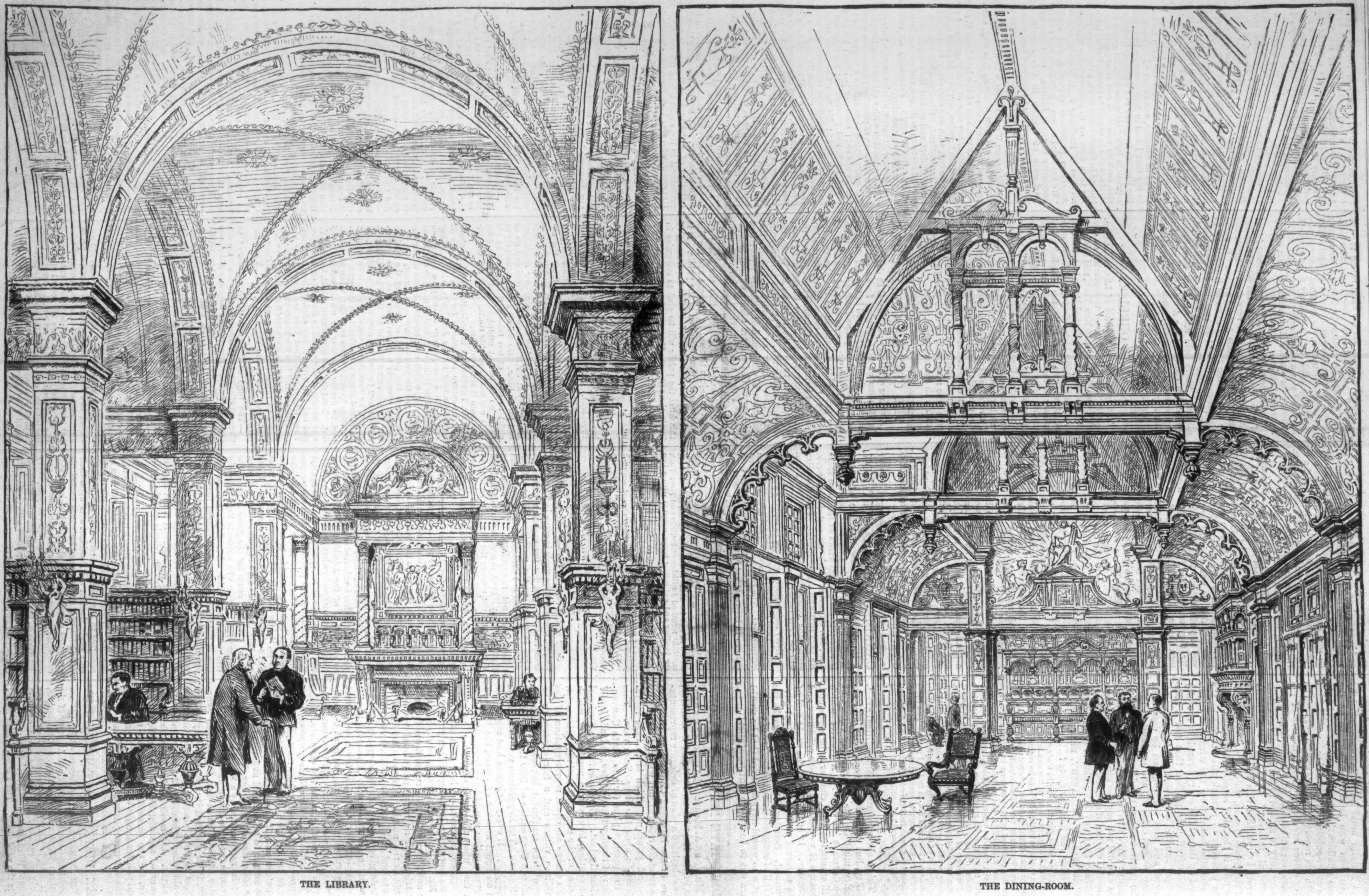
—Mr. Winans, son of the late Ross Winans, of Baltimore, has one of the largest and finest mansions in London, and lives in great splendor. He also has, with one exception, the largest deer park in Scotland. His income is nearly a million of dollars, and rapidly increasing. He has a morbid aversion to the sea, and can not be tempted to cross it again. Personally he cares for nothing but engineering.

—Senator Allison, of Minnesota, who is spoken of in connection with a cabinet position, is fifty-two, and a man of peculiarly handsome presence. His complexion is as fair as a school-girl's; his cheeks are red; his nose is large; his forehead broad, high, and protruding; his eyes are dark brown or hazel; his face free from wrinkles; and as winning a smile as ever won the favor of a sweetheart almost constantly lights up this young face. His figure is of medium height, say five feet ten inches, and of excellent proportion. His weight is about a hundred and sixty pounds. He dresses in extreme good taste, and looks to be exactly what he is, every inch the Senator and gentleman. His manners are kindly and winning, his voice is sympathetic, and his habits are those of unremitting work. He has a fine house, a large library, and all the surroundings are indicative of culture and refinement.

—For many years past, Vice-Presidents seem to have been very inconsiderable factors in Washington society. Up to and including the administration of Monroe, Vice-Presidents had been prominent in the social life of the capital. Mr. Calhoun, who was Vice-President during John Quincy Adams's administration, was not much given to hospitality. Quite the reverse was Mr. Van Buren. Richard M. Johnson and John Tyler were quite moderate as entertainers. George M. Dallas was better. William R. King gave dinners to a few people. John C. Breckinridge was full of hospitality, but was not opulent. After them come Hannibal Hamlin, Andrew Johnson, Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, and William A. Wheeler, none of whom were entertainers in the popular sense of that word. The Vice-President-elect, General Arthur, has the means and the disposition to entertain, and a social experience of the most varied and agreeable sort. It is presumable that his life in Washington will not be synonymous with asceticism.

—Canon Farrar has small respect for sacerdotalism. In a recent sermon he said that "the name of priest is not so immaculate or beneficent in the world's history as to make us regret that the New Testament knows nothing of any mere human priests except among the pagans and Jews. Who ridiculed Isaiah?—the insulting priests of Judah. Who smote Jeremiah?—the priest Pashur. Who threatened Amos?—the priest Amaziah. Who would have torn Paul in pieces?—the priests of Jerusalem. Who killed St. James?—the priest Annas. Who crucified Christ?—the priests Annas and Caiaphas—lawful priests, observe, and acting in spiritual tribunals." With merciless historical knowledge, Canon Farrar grapples the demand of the ritualists for what they call spiritual courts, and shows from the examples of the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem, the Synod of Ephesus, the Inquisition of Spain, the Consistory of Geneva, and the High Commission Court of London, how prone are courts composed of priests to indulge in cruelty, injustice, and persecution.

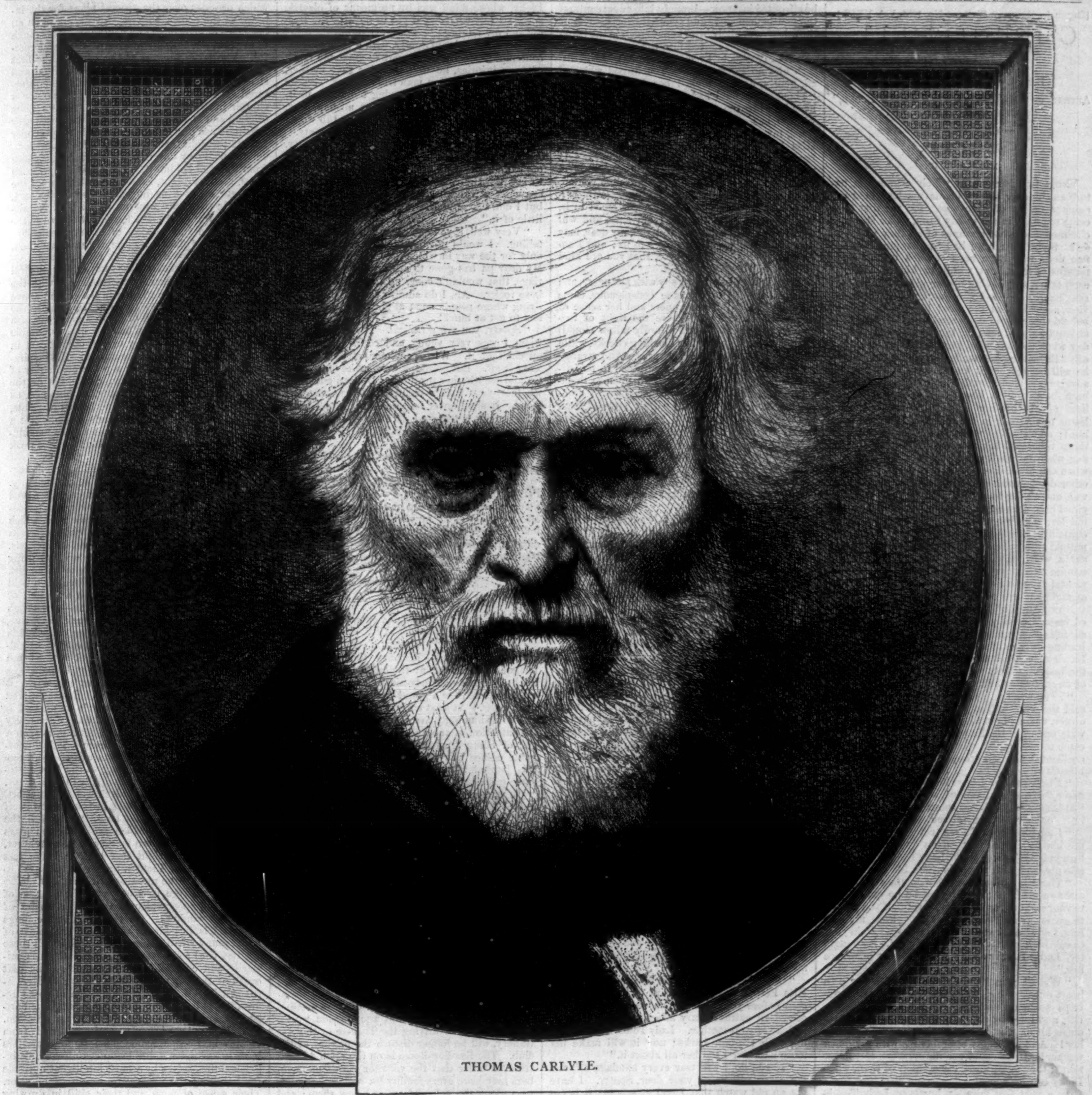
—The Rev. Dr. Washburn, of Calvary Church, who died on the 2d inst., was one of the ablest preachers and ripest scholars in the Episcopal Church. Calvary Church has had five rectors, all of whom were brilliant preachers. The first, by whom the parish was organized, was Dr. F. H. Cuming. Next came the Rev. Samuel L. Southard, then a very young man, whose oratorical abilities were of the very highest order. He was succeeded by Dr. Francis L. Hawks, whose eloquence was known to the country. The career of Dr. Hawks was a singular one. He was educated for the bar, but soon abandoned it for the Church. While rector of St. Thomas's Church, in this city, in 1835, he was elected Missionary Bishop of the South and Southwest, but declined the office. In 1843 he went to Mississippi, and in the following year was elected its bishop, but the House of Bishops and Standing Committees of the different dioceses declined to confirm the election. About 1853 he was chosen Bishop of Rhode Island, but declined it, and Bishop Clark was elected to the vacancy. The fourth rector of Calvary was Dr. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, who resigned it in 1865 to become Assistant Bishop of Western New York. Dr. Washburn was the fifth, and has filled the place about fifteen years. Mr. W. M. Evarts, Mr. E. W. Stoughton, Mr. S. B. Ruggles, Mr. F. S. Winston, and many other gentlemen of distinction are members of Calvary parish.



THE LIBRARY.

THE DINING-ROOM.

THE NEW UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 118.]



THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The death of Thomas Carlyle, at the age of nearly eighty-six, removes from among living men one of the greatest thinkers of the age. For years he has lived in genial retirement at Chelsea, one of the suburbs of London, in a dwelling suited to a man of quiet habits and moderate means. There, after the work of the day was over, he was wont to receive a few intimate friends. The light evening meal of bread-and-butter and tea dispatched, the host, if the weather was fine, would usually invite his guests into the garden, a strip of ground of the width of the house, and about a hundred feet deep. A grass-plot formed the centre, with a shade tree at each corner. From the trees was suspended an awning, and under this was a plain pine table, surrounded with wooden chairs. Upon the table lay a canister of Virginia tobacco, with several common clay pipes, their long stems tipped with sealing-wax. Here were held many conversations with eminent men, the record of which, had it been preserved, would doubtless have been one of the most interesting volumes of table-talk the world ever saw.

It was only in the evening that Carlyle was wont to unbend. His days, during the active period of his life, were devoted to earnest and untiring labor in his vocation as "a writer of books." In working hours he had no leisure for visitors. He used to tell indignantly of how a certain "blatherskite American traveller" once came at ten o'clock in the morning, with a letter of introduction, and staid for hours, "robbing me of a whole working-day, which I shall never get back again to all eternity."

Of late years, since death deprived him of the true helpmate of whom he wrote, "For forty years she cheered me in all of noble I did or attempted," Carlyle shrank more and more from society. He became melancholy, and more reserved than ever. To use his own words, the light of his life had gone out. The faithful and affectionate devotion of a niece served to lighten the gloom and depression of his declining years; but he was never quite the same after his heavy loss, and he ceased not to long for the time when he should be laid at rest beside the grave of her whom he loved so well.

Carlyle was born on the 4th of December, 1795, in the little Scotch village of Ecclefechan—a small place with a singular renown of its own, as containing a greater number of bridges than any other township or parish in the United Kingdom. The elder Carlyle was a farmer—a man of much penetration and sagacity. From the little parish school, Carlyle went to the larger school at Annan, and thence, at the age of fourteen, to the University of Edinburgh. Here he came, as he himself has so pathetically said, hungry for all sorts of knowledge—young, fresh, eager, with the world before him; and here he worked for seven or eight years. He was irregular in application, but when he did work, he carried all things before him.

Carlyle had been destined by his father and by his father's minister to be himself a minister of the Kirk of Scotland; but when he had gained the years of man's estate, he was not sure that he believed the doctrines of his father's Kirk, and it was needful that he should settle the doubt. In his own words, as reported by Dr. Milburn: "I entered into my chamber, and closed the door. And around about me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire, from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scoffing were there; and I wrestled with them in the travail and agony of spirit. Thus was it, sir, for weeks. Whether I ate, I know not; whether I drank, I know not; whether I slept, I know not. But I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a Stomach."

On leaving the university, Carlyle devoted himself to teaching, in association with Irving; but he soon discovered the true vocation of his life, and became a writer. His first regular contributions to literature were made in the *London Magazine*, which was then under the control of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb. For Sir David Brewster's Encyclopædia he wrote biographies of Montesquieu, Montaigne, Norfolk, Nelson, and the elder and younger Pitt. Everything he did bore the stamp of vigorous and original thought. His style was a model of strength and clearness. The characteristic and *bizarre* dialect now known as "Carlylese" is not recognizable in any of his earlier efforts. That strange and powerful style seems to have been formed during the study and translation of Goethe's *Apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister*. Before undertaking the translation of this great work, he "saturated him self with its influence." He mastered its meaning, and conceived its spirit anew. As a translation, his work is a marvellous masterpiece.

In 1826 Carlyle married Miss Welsh, a lineal descendant of John Knox. We have already alluded to the happiness of his married life. Living his own life undisturbed, in the pleasant little country places he had chosen, he seemed surrounded by an almost idyllic joy and quiet. With his wife came to him a little estate at Craigenputtock, some fifteen miles from Dumfries, and here he lived and labored for a time, now and then leaving it for another home at Comely Bank, Edinburgh. In the year of his marriage he made his first contribution to the *Edinburgh Review*, in the shape of an essay on Jean Paul Richter.

Carlyle's first book, *Sartor Resartus*, was written in 1831. After being refused by several publishers, it appeared as a serial in *Fraser's Magazine*, and two American editions of it were printed before an English publisher was found to issue it as a volume.

About this time Carlyle removed to London, and established himself at Chelsea, in an old-fashioned red brick house of the Queen Anne period. Thence he sent forth, in 1837, the greatest book of his lifetime, the *History of the French Revolution*. In 1840 he delivered his magnificent series of lectures on "Heroes and Hero Worship," and published his essays on Chartism. In 1843 appeared *Past and Present*, and in 1845 *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations. Latter-Day Pamphlets* appeared in 1850, and their tone of denunciation and scorn raised a tremendous outcry against the author.

In the year following was published the most beautiful and charming of all his works, the *Life of John Sterling*. In this delightful book Carlyle not only preserves the memory of his friend, but gives us glimpses of Gladstone and Stuart Mill, and a perfectly wonderful portrait of Coleridge. The glances of life at the Sterling Club are very charming, brief and scattered as they are, and the little village of Llanblethian, and the quiet country life there, could not have been more tenderly drawn by the hand of Boccaccio himself.

The last important work upon which Carlyle was engaged was the *Life of Frederick the Great*, the first volume of which appeared in 1858. It excited an almost unprecedented interest. In vividness and amplification of detail it rivals the *French Revolution*. The portrait of "old Fritz" is marvellously clear and life-like.

Carlyle's influence on modern thought has been very great, and is not likely to decrease. Many of the foremost writers of the age claim him as their teacher. His genius was grave, earnest, melancholy, and his intellectual leadership was distinguished by a lofty, scornful, and intolerant hatred of shams, whether in literature or life.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

MOTHER DEAR.

When two persons, as widely asunder in nature as she ever lets us be, having long held imaginary notion of each other, for the first time come together in the bodily form, under stress of circumstance, what becomes of all they meant to do? Some men have had the happiness to see two dogs who have been chained up, for some months of moonlight, within barking distance of each other, and having higher gifts than we possess, have appraised one another without interview, according as the wind blew to or fro—to behold these twain dogs meet upon the highway, at length and at last, for the very first time, on a day when there is wind enough to blow their tails off. Either dog has made his mind up as to how he will behave; each knows every corner of his adversary's mouth, and which of his teeth has been broken by a bone; he has learned every item of his brother barker's story (from his howls to the man in the moon to come and help him); and sitting on his haunches, he has fifty times rehearsed his proceedings with that noisy dog when he shall come across him. Yet now, when the blissful opportunity is come, when the other dog is looking at him, smaller than his bark was, and easier to thrash than he ever has imagined him, does he fall upon and rend him? No, not he; tails wag across the gale with growing cordiality; sniffs try to baffle facts; good-will is mutual; the weather is too bad for any dog to say a word upon any other subject. In half a minute they have managed to smell up a fundamental friendship; and henceforth if they bark of nights, it will not be at, but with, each other.

Now Lady Touchwood and Captain Larks acted very differently from this. Their manner was as full of common-sense, and of waiting for a leading question from each other, as Cæsar's and Lion's may be at first sight; but they failed of the insight, which man, the only animal capable of envy, decries as instinct.

"I suppose this is the house of Captain Larks," said the lady, in the little porch, looking at the owner, who had got his bridge down, and his door wide open. "Dr. Perperaps is with me. I am come to see my son, who has met with a very sad accident, I fear. Perhaps you are Captain Larks himself?"

"I believe that I have the honor to bear that name," Mr. Arthur replied, with a very stiff bow, "at least in this part of the country. The boy is in no danger, but severely cut and shaken."

"I suppose you will not refuse me liberty to see him? Perhaps, in such a question, the very best judge is his mother." Lady Touchwood spoke sharply, and with what she took for irony.

"There is not any question in the case, that I am aware of. And there can be no question as to your right to see him. Be careful, if you please, there is an awkward step here. Rose, my darling, Lady Touchwood will follow you. Hold your candle higher, that's a dear little child. My daughter, Lady Touchwood. Allow me to introduce her."

"Well!" communed the visitor, with her own heart only, "things must be come to a very pretty pass when a man who has run away from justice, and lives by selling pears and apples, introduces his daughter to me, and orders me to follow her! And Mr. Short upbraids me with my quick temper! If he could see me now— But never mind; they shall know my opinion of them when Dicky can be moved."

In a very few minutes, however, Lady Touchwood began to waver largely in her opinion of them, even as the tail of the inimical dog—whose "emotional condition" has been analyzed above—unconsciously relaxes from the wiry cock of defiance, first to the crisp bend of inquiry, then to the pleasing wave of interest and sympathy, and lastly to the woolly wag of amity and brotherhood. So pervading is the tendency toward good-will in the breast of all genuine mammalia.

There could be no doubt that much trouble had been taken for the comfort and welfare of the adventurous rat-hunter. The motherly perception took this in at a glance, and the deep sleep of the wounded one (which he suddenly accomplished) appealed to the tenderest and most sacred feelings of maternity.

"Poor darling!" the mother whispered, having kissed his marble forehead; "how beautifully regular his breathing is! He always had that gift, whatever happened to him. Can I ever show my gratitude to Heaven, Miss Larks, for the providential fact that his features are uninjured? His features have been declared by the first sculptor of the age to be of the very purest classical ideal. Whether he said Doric, or Ionic, or perhaps Gothic, I will not be certain at this exciting period."

"We made sure at first that his nose was cut in two," replied Spotty Perperaps, who had done the lion's share, and would not be put in the background like that; "but it turned out to be a stripe of red lead, my lady; and when I sponged it off, I found his dear nose all right."

"His dear nose, indeed! Who is this young female? Oh, the Doctor's daughter, Spotty. Yes, I heard that you were here."

"And a good job for Master Dicky that I came up with father," said the spirited Miss Perperaps, in a tone of self-assertion; "such little things as this always come into my compass."

The sturdy manner and rather rough appearance of this damsel—too important as she was to be affronted just now—brought into sweet contrast the gentle demeanor and sympathizing glances of the other young lady, who kept herself in the background, and then retired into the passage.

"Poor darling! Precious sufferer! I will disturb him no longer," Lady Touchwood whispered, gently, as she tucked her Dicky's ears up. "Though it would have been such a rapture to hear him breathe my name. But Heaven, in its wisdom, has sent this balmy slumber. Come forward, my dear; you are a very nice young lady. Miss Larks, I am pleased with you. Your behavior is most becoming. You have never said a word since I came in, though you cordially feel for me in this sad affliction. Of course you are not a nurse, or anything of that kind. Miss Perperaps, who is so clever, and accustomed to it, will be quite indefatigable, I am sure, and will find me full of gratitude. But you, my dear, may also be of very great assistance to us; and I am certain, from your lovely eyes, that you are kind and gentle."

Rose Arthur, being very shy with strangers, and reluctant always to be made conspicuous, came forward just as far as manners and her sense of obedience prescribed. There the light of two candles (a gallant dip and a lordly tallow mould) combined to play upon her blushing cheeks, white forehead, and softly sparkling eyes. And, strange to say, another pair of eyes (supposed to be buried in deep repose) contrived to unclose themselves, and steal a narrow glance through glimmering lashes, as children "draw straws" from the fire.

"If I can be of any use," said Rose, "in any way whatever—I mean, of course, for messages or out-door work"—she qualified her offer, because she met the patient's eager gaze at her—"any little things to save Miss Perperaps from—from coming away too much, I shall be very glad to be of use, I'm sure."

"I thought that I heard a heavy sigh"—Lady Touchwood turned round as she spoke. "Surely our precious sufferer— Dicky dear, are you conscious of my presence, and pining for me?"

A snore of the highest artistic order, superior to nature's sweetest effort, conveyed to the mother's yearning heart a solace at the same time, and yet a disappointment.

"I will suppress my very natural desire," she whispered to Rose, while Spotty turned away, and indulged in a broad grin out of the window, "my fond wish to hear, if it were but a single syllable, from those dear lips. It is wrong and selfish of me. How thankful should I be for the balmy depth of this repose! That is how he always sleeps, Miss Larks, ever since he fell and indented his ligaments, the day he was put into small-clothes. I never quite understood what the process was; the result, however, has been remarkable. On no account let him be disturbed to-night by so much as the mention of my name. He will not awake for ten hours now. I know all his ways so thoroughly. Sleep on, darling, and the angels be with you!"

"You don't deserve to have such a ma," said Spotty, running up to her patient as soon as his mother was out of ear-shot—"not to give her a kiss, or so much as a word!"

"It is all very fine for you to talk," the youth replied, to soothe his conscience by strong statement of his case; "you don't know anything at all about it. Do you suppose that I could put up with being cried over, and kissed, and cuddled, and called all sorts of nursery names, in the sight and hearing of—I mean while she—while other persons at least who can not be expected to know my proper age—"

"Oh, indeed! I see. To be sure!" exclaimed Miss Perperaps. "You want to be taken for a man before your time. You seem to have conceived an extraordinary affection for somebody, instead of your mother. Lady Touchwood is talking with Captain Larks; now it will make her more happy if I tell her all about it."

"If you do, I will tear every bandage off, and my death will lie at your door, Spotty. I have got an old watch that I had at school; it is out of fashion now, but it goes very well; and I'll give it to you, if you only do your duty to me. People run you down, I know; but in my opinion you are wonderfully clever."

"No, Master Dickey, I am not at all that. But I see a great many stupid things done by people who ought to know better. Marrying again, for instance, and having other children: what do you think of that, Mr. Touchwood?"

"A man when he marries," said Dicky, with solemnity, and hoping that somebody might be listening in the passage, "swears upon the Bible to have only one wife, to cleave to her, to stick to her, to love, honor, and obey her. How can he do that, I should like to know, if he goes and gets married to another woman? Besides, we are told—and I have to attend Divinity lectures, I assure you—that no man can be blameless, except he be the husband of one wife. And that is how I intend to conduct myself."

"How I wish that my pa," said Miss Perperaps, with a sigh, "had attended Divinity lectures! But hush, Master Dicky; I can hear my lady going, and my dear papa is doing Dixon to her. You know what that means in our practice, I suppose?"

"No, I never heard of it. They don't show us things at Cambridge. Oh, Spotty, I do like you so, because you don't care!"

"But I do care. And that makes me see how things are. A Dixon is a swing-cask, a sort of water-barrow, a tub upon pins between two wheels, for going down the walks with. They have got one in your father's place. They are all very well while they stand at the pump, because there is a shore to them. But if you want to make them go, you have to be very careful. If you put too much in them, they kick up one way, and if you put too little, they kick up the other, and your trouble goes for nothing."

"I can understand that well enough," answered Dicky, whose mind was by no means of electric speed; "but what has it got to do with the Doctor and my mother?"

"Everything," said Spotty, with a look of some contempt: "if my father were to make too much of your injuries, he would terrify your mother, and she would fetch a man from Exeter. So the tub would go over from having too much in it. But if he made too little of your mishap, why, then it would be almost worse, for the tub would go over the other way, because of being empty."

"I wish you would talk plain English, Spotty. All your stuff comes in bottles. What have tubs got to do with it? But perhaps you make enough to last the twelvemonth, at one brewing. I can see what you mean about another man coming; but I don't see what harm could come of making little of it."

"Very well, if you can't see, you are not worth telling. I would not have told you what I have, only for the way in which they trample upon me. My dear pa has gone to see my lady to her carriage, that wouldn't come up the hill because it is so rocky. Ah, I do admire Captain Larks for living where people must alight from their chariots to get at him!"

"Spotty, you are a radical. I used to be one, when I was very young, and could not see the mischief of it. Wise people must be made to leave it off. But politics always make me sleepy. Go and see whether my mother is clean gone, and whether your father means to plague me any more. It shall never be said of me that I made a fuss about a trifle. I dare say you would like to hear me groan. Girls always do, because then they can boast about having their teeth out, and all that, better than we men do. But I am as game as a three-legged rat."

"Just you wait a bit, before you boast," Miss Perperaps answered, as she went to fetch her father; "your troubles are not begun yet, Master Dicky; the wound in your tibia has got some bull's-eye glass in it, and what is worse, to my mind, green scum of rotten whiting. If you don't begin to squeak to-morrow, for certain you will on Sunday."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE.

On Washington's Birthday the new Union League Club House, at the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, will be opened for a grand reception to members and guests. At least such is the plan at present, and so swimmingly are matters coming on that the intention of the architects seems in no danger of being frustrated. The exterior of this noble edifice was described some weeks ago in this journal, and to-day it is in place to notice some principal features of its interior.

On entering by the main doors, the visitor is impressed at once with the fact that the architects have striven to produce the sense of home rather than the sense of palace. Open and liberal in treatment, the interior of the Union League Club House is yet modest and subdued. Instead of polished columns and pilasters, there are cozy fire-places and unobtrusive chimney-corners full of a fine old colonial feeling, and inviting to comfort rather than to astonishment. The details of the wood-work, carved freely, and even roughly, in Scottish fashion, do not detain the attention, their spirit being not pre-Raphaelistic. The whole is greater and better than any of its parts, and is homogeneous in an atmosphere of honest domesticity. Two elevators on either side of the hall are exclusively for the use of guests and members. The public and private stairways are distinct and far apart, so that the outside world, when entering or leaving the Theatre or the Art Gallery, will no longer disturb the privacy of the club. The Reading-Room is on the Fifth Avenue front, in order that the younger guests or members may have every facility for seeing the ladies pass along the splendid street below them; and no sketch of the new club-house would be at all adequate which failed to present this pleasing and vital trait of the architect's design. It is well known that the older theologians used to maintain that Adam was a savage until metamorphosed by the contemplation of the civilizing graces of a woman. Of course, in these days, the cooking for such an establishment must needs be done where the odors of its processes shall not incapacitate the eater for enjoying the fragrance of its results. All the kitchens are on the top floor, and one flight below them is the Dining Hall, connected therewith by smooth and swift-running dumb-waiters. Electric bells, annunciators, speaking-tubes, and pneumatic tubes have been multiplied beyond the verge of bare convenience. The luxury of living, said an old sage, is to be well waited upon. The prime matter of ventilation, which our fathers thought comparatively so little about, has been an object of earnest and most intelligent study. Under the whole building is a reservoir of cold air heated by steam coils in various cavities, and forced upward by energetic fans, the heat thus obtained being re-enforced by direct radiators wherever these are needed. All the servants (chiefly colored) have sleeping-rooms in the basement. More than thirty chambers for the use of the club's members are scattered on the various upper floors, and there is no lack of alluring little "conversation-rooms."

To Mr. Louis C. Tiffany was assigned the work of decorating the main hall on the several floors of the building. The problem which this able and accomplished artist seems to have set before himself for solution was, first, how best to economize the light in that place, there being no superfluity of it, and secondly, how best to obtain the choicest effects at night, that being the time when the members of the club most congregate at their head-quarters. These ends were to be secured without violating that comfortable simplicity which presides over the general plans for the interior of the edifice, without trespassing upon an insolence of showiness and gaudiness. It is much to say that Mr. Tiffany has been entirely successful. The large window at the head of the first landing of the main staircase is as original and striking a piece of work as the window manufactured by the same artist some time ago for a church in Newark, New Jersey; but its most original and striking feature is the novel and very felicitous use of "lustre" glass, which powerfully reflects the light thrown against it from the chandeliers, while by day it emits a mild effulgence from the well behind it. The beautiful greenish tones, seen by night, invite the attention of the spectator as soon as he enters the front doors, and make the entire window, which is of mosaic-work in a frame of glass mosaics that cover the walls around it, an object of alluring splendor. Every piece of glass is a piece of American glass, manufactured by Mr. Tiffany himself, and altogether different from ordinary imported cathedral glass, as may be seen by contrasting it with the material used for the window in the ceiling above it. This artist's discoveries and triumphs in the very interesting domain of colored glass are of a kind to entitle him to a distinct and honorable recognition, independently of his other feats in the department of house decoration. His inspiration has been nourished by a protracted study of the subject in the European cathedrals of the twelfth century, and his results are obtained, as at that time was usual and perhaps invariable, without recourse to the painter's brush. Not a single one of the beautiful tones in this magnificent window was assisted by painting. The work is pure mosaic throughout.

The wall frescoes in the hall find their culmination in the first or principal story of the building. In the lower story the artist has striven for a cool effect by the use of silver and blue, but on ascending, you notice a delicate purple tone, which at night is exceedingly fine and brilliant, although ordinarily at that time purple is most infelicitous. Here again the result has been secured by using means which reflect rather than absorb the light. But surely, at first sight, one would call it a bold experiment to cover the walls with a ground of glaring red, as Mr. Tiffany has done—a red such as carriage-painters use; a noisy, rude, obtrusive, impudent red; a red than which no other red is more glaring or shameless. Yet see how skillfully the artist has contrived to get a sweet and gentle iridescence from so coarse and obstinate a material by the simple method of overlaying it with a stencil-work of blue! The displeasing red disappears as if by an enchanter's wand, and in its place, changing and palpitating with every change in the position of the spectator, is seen a temperate and most tender purple. This fine effect it is a constant pleasure to witness, and one remembers it while ascending to the upper stories, where the walls are principally in pure tones, with comparatively little stencil-work of any sort.

Mr. John Lafarge's genius has concerned itself with the decoration of the large Dining Hall, the principal features of which are a stained glass window, made in his own factory on Fourth Street, and a bass-relief eight feet high and five feet wide—a figure of Victory, bronzed and tinted to harmonize with the mosaic-work behind it. The window is a large rose one, and the scheme of decoration appears also in the upper sashes of two other windows. On the walls and ceilings the effect is, in general, of gold, in the midst of which many small figures appear, although these are not vital to the scheme itself, which is primarily and controllingly ornamental. The deft brush of Mr. Will H. Low has seconded Mr. Lafarge's intentions in the exposition of these figures, nor is it the first time that this talented artist has entered the lists on such an occasion. The young Americans recently returned from studies in Europe under most famous masters have in several notable instances already distinguished themselves by a most intelligent aptitude for handling the decorative resources of color. Their sense of form and their skill in drawing are yet to be more fully developed, but the potencies of color seem often to have sought them out and found them when their elder contemporaries have succeeded only in groping for these mysteries; and in the not distant day when the mansions of American cities shall be intrusted to the decorative skill of the most capable American painters, the younger members of the fraternity will doubtless find their perfect and conspicuous opportunities. Nothing mundane is so certain as that the efforts of these promising artists are not to be confined to the studio and the easel. A new era is dawning, and whether or not American picture-buyers ever come to value American pictures enough to buy them in place of the many absurdities and foolishnesses that so often enter their galleries through the custom-house, there is a sure and comfortable prospect of employment and emolument for native painters who shall master the principles of decorative art. Perhaps when the walls of our houses are frescoed by Americans, they will be hung with American pictures; but it is a significant fact that to-day artists like Tiffany and Lafarge find it to their profit to paint walls rather than to paint canvases, to diffuse their light through stained glass windows rather than to reflect it from a background of Whatman paper.

The two chief apartments on the Fifth Avenue front of the new Union League Club building are the Library and the Reading-Room, and the decoration of these has been intrusted to Messrs. Cottier & Co., who, like their associates, have worked in entire harmony with the architects. The prevailing effect of the Library is of blue and gold; the central domes are all gold, the walls and pillars are a deep maroon, to chime with the dark mahogany wood-work. In the Reading-Room, also, the effect is of blue and gold, the ceilings being a dark, antique blue, and the walls covered with a deep crimson and gold leather-paper. All the windows and doors of these rooms have hangings furnished by the same firm. In the Library the hangings are of olive silk plush; in the Reading-Room, of blue and gold tapestry, banded with plush. In the Reception-Room, at the left of the entrance hall, are curtains of tinsel cloth of gold, lined to the hall with dark tapestries. No sham ornament, no trumpery, no tedious and inquisitive pedantry, is seen in the color schemes of these noble apartments, the Library and the Reading-Room. The purpose has been to promote rest and quiet, not to excite the analytic faculties of the mind; but in carrying out this purpose the Messrs. Cottier have reached their results not by barrenness, but by richness. The simplicity is complex, and being successful, it assuages instead of distracting.

The Theatre, the Reception-Room, and some of the private dining-rooms have been decorated by Mr. Frank Hill Smith, who worthily shares the triumphs of his fellow-artists. The walls of the theatre are divided off by pilasters, above which is the usual cornice, and over the cornice a frieze of an elaborate scroll ornament treated in art colors. The ceiling is tinted, and kept quiet—indeed, the whole room is quiet, the quietest room in the building.

The architects of the Union League Club House are Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston. The general contractors and builders are the Messrs. Norcross Brothers, of Worcester, Massachusetts. The gas-fixtures, designed by the architects in antique brass, are furnished by Messrs. Mitchell & Vance, of New York; the movable furniture comes from Mr. A. H. Davenport, of Boston; the mantels and other fixed furniture are the work of Messrs. Morton and Chesley, of New York and Boston. The Messrs. Cottier, of New York, contribute the most of the hangings; the Messrs. Sloan, of New York, the carpets; and the Messrs. Marcotte some of the wall-papers. The heating and ventilating are in charge of Messrs. Frederick Tudor & Co., and the plumbing is done by Mr. John Toumey.

THE PERSECUTED JEWS.

In Morocco, we are told by a recent traveller, E. di Amicis, the Jews are so valued for their commercial and business qualities that they are bound to the soil by a singular tie. No Jewish woman is permitted to leave Morocco, and it follows that no Jewish family can emigrate. The cunning Turks keep the valuable race in safe bondage, but at the same time they expose them to the most cruel persecutions, and treat them with a severity that is a "disgrace," we are assured, "to the nineteenth century." Unhappily the nineteenth century has need to blush for the fanaticism and bigotry of its civilized even more than its barbarous races. In Russia and Roumania, in papal Italy, in England, and even at times in America, the Jew has had bitter cause to complain of man's inhumanity to man, and recently in cultivated Germany a fierce crusade has been preached against the Jewish race, as if the darkest barbarism of the Middle Ages was about to return, and the Rhine run red with the blood of the most useful inhabitants on its shores. Unlike the astute Moors, the Christian powers seem blind to the real value of the people they oppress; in Morocco the Jew is forbidden to emigrate because it is felt that to him is due much of its commercial progress; but Russia, Roumania, and the fanatical bigotry of other states will be satisfied with nothing but the expulsion or extirpation of the whole Hebrew race; they deprive them of their civil rights, and would apparently drive them to a general emigration.

One of the saddest cries of suffering humanity ever heard comes from the Jews of Russia. Here they have never been treated with even tolerable lenity, and have been held for ages in a worse than Egyptian bondage. From a large part of Northern Russia they are usually excluded, and their intelligence and financial activity have never been employed to remedy the disorders of the national finance. In the southern provinces they are allowed to exist, the most abject and lowest of the people, yet often the most cultivated and deserving. At last they have been subjected to such extreme oppression that they are ready to emigrate in a body from the hostile land. "Brethren," wrote the Jews of Russia recently to the Jews in America, "in this hour of all but hopeless misery, groaning under the yoke of cruel and heartless despotism, driven from our homes and firesides, persecuted by every conceivable iniquitous cruelty, our property and our sources of livelihood ruthlessly torn from our toiling hands, we turn to you, we implore, we beseech you to come to our rescue." The sad appeal is one of the most startling facts of the age. "Give us the means," they cry, "to emigrate to your shores;" they long "to touch with their feet the sacred soil of Washington"; they are anxious only to escape from a persecution too terrible to be borne. The appeal will touch every honest American heart. It is time that the persecutor was banished from the earth. But this Russian persecution seems the most imprudent of all, and the Czar would drive from his domain the class of men most likely to revive its falling credit and stimulate its industry. The charge brought against the Jews is that several of them are Nihilists, and it seems quite probable that intense oppression may have driven some of the more active intellects to revolt and retaliation; but it is certain that in general the Czar has no more peaceful and obedient subjects than the Hebrew race, against whom he lets loose all the rage of bigotry, and that Russia has no more valuable possession than the talents and industry of the harmless people it would drive from it with fanatical violence.

Roumania is almost as intolerant. It refuses to follow the suggestions of the Berlin Conference, and seeks to abrogate the section of the treaty enforcing universal equality among the sects. It refuses the full rights of citizenship to the great mass of the Jews, but allows a few to enjoy them. "The unemancipated thousands of Jews," says Mr. Levy, secretary of the Anglo-Jewish Association in London, "who inhabit that principality [Roumania] are now placed in a far worse position than formerly. The disenfranchised portion of the population actually enjoys fewer rights than are possessed by real aliens." Here in Roumania the chief charge brought against the Jews is that they are too successful in trade, that they engross the best business of the cities, and lend money on the lands of the farmer and noble. A barbarous envy excites the native population against their prosperous rivals, and the Jew is persecuted because he brings wealth and capital to the uncultivated country.

Strangely enough, even Germany has shown recently a similar jealousy of Jewish talent and enterprise, and the crusade against the Jews in Berlin is one of the chief follies of the day. It is proposed to deprive them of their civil rights. They are to be reduced to a kind of serfdom in the land they have planted and enriched. The zealots of this new bigotry insult the Jews with opprobrious language as they pass along the streets, and recently a Jew very naturally knocked down a teacher of one of the public schools who had applied to him some coarse name. In another case, the member of a publishing house insulted a Jew, and was punished. The party opposed to the Jews seems small, and the public feeling of Berlin is in their favor. The wisest and the most learned men of the time admit the valuable services of the Hebrew race to the modern and ancient world. Mommsen and Virchow unite in defending them. But still the strange contest goes on. The zealots revile the Jews in the language of the Middle Ages. Had they the power, they would apparently revive the barbarous spirit of the past, and inflict upon an unoffending and useful race the penalties due only to crime. It is plain that Germany is still waiting for some new reform, and that the sanctity of human rights is yet a lesson to be learned by a part of its people.

The Emperor of Morocco is wiser than the Russians, the Germans, and even some Americans. He, at least, is not eager to kill the source of his scant prosperity. And it is curious to trace in history the wealth-giving power of the Semitic race. The relatives of the Jews founded the prosperity of Babylon, and made Tyre and Carthage the seats of an enormous trade. The Jerusalem of Solomon was a commercial city, filled with the silver and gold of Tartessus. The Jews spread over the classic world, filling the ports of Syria, and making apparently a large part of the commercial population of Alexandria. They taught monotheism at Rome, and in the midst of a thousand idols pointed the minds of men to a single creative source. They were hated and despised, but they made converts in all classes of society. They suffered fierce persecutions, and sometimes retaliated with Oriental barbarity. But in general, when treated with tolerable lenity, there were no more peaceable subjects of the Roman Empire, or of the Gothic kings and conquerors, than the Jews, and wherever they came, they brought with them new elements of progress. The Jews retained their intelligence and their activity when the Greeks had sunk into abject ignorance, and the Roman name was lost in a reign of Gothic savages. They gave wealth and knowledge to the Saracenic cities, and from Bagdad to Cordova the Jewish merchants and professors imparted their intelligence to the unpolished children of the desert. In Spain, they amassed immense fortunes, and adorned or founded the universities of the finest cities of the age.

Next, the Jews made their way to Germany, France, and England, and for two centuries—from 1100 to 1300—were the teachers of Europe in letters, and its example in the higher arts of life. The people of Europe were as gross and uncleanly as savages; the Jews taught them neatness and self-respect. Their example was of great use. It would repay some careful inquirer to trace the influence of the Jewish race in softening the manners of the Saxon and the Celt. But their material influence it is easier to trace. They owned, or held under mortgage, in 1200, a large part of Paris, and were the authors of its prosperity; they brought wealth and trade to the cities of the South. In England, they built some of the finest streets and houses in London, York, and Oxford, and lent their money to the indolent nobles and the owners of the soil. In Germany, they flourished in spite of the contempt and persecution of their cruel masters, and the Ghetto where they were confined was often plundered and laid desolate by the fanaticism of the dull barbarians. It seems quite probable that the Jews founded the commerce of Europe, and began the slow process of its civilization. But their prosperity excited jealousy—the same unmanly spirit that seems revived in Germany; their superior knowledge was looked upon as a kind of sorcery. They were robbed of their wealth and their books in France by St. Louis, and driven from the kingdom. After fearful persecutions, they were at last expelled from England. They cowered in their Ghettos in the German cities, and until 1650 no Jew could live in England, and until the French Revolution he was still an alien in France. Holland threw open its cities to the Hebrew race, and soon became the chief seat of European trade.

Our ancestors were the first to give perfect civil and social equality to the Jew, and the land of Washington may well seem to the Russian Hebrew a place of divine rest. Europe followed our example slowly, and Republican France and liberal England have almost equalled our perfect toleration. The financial intelligence of the Jew has more than repaid the tardy gift of modern freedom. His capital and energy have enabled the European states to wage their wars and build their railroads and tunnels; Jewish bankers provide for the administration of most European governments; they control the markets of London and Paris. New York has become the favorite home of Hebrew merchants and financiers, and much of its unrivalled prosperity is due to the same unchanging intellect that founded the wharves of Tyre and raised the magnificence of Carthage. Its Semitic inhabitants are among its best citizens. They bring with them wealth, or they create it. Here we admit no political difference for sect or creed; here we teach a common equality. All sects and creeds are blended into one mass before the law. Here each man deserves what he wins by industry and thrift; and here, if the Jew grows wealthy and strong, no one stoops to petty envy, or would revive the barbarous impulses of sectarian jealousy.

Our government is founded upon the principles of humanity, and the generous impulses of three-fourths of our people protest against cruelty in every form. Our sympathies are with the persecuted and the oppressed. Let us show in some most decided way that we condemn the European persecution of the Jews; let us proclaim once more the madness and folly of the persecutor. There are times when the voice of nations should be heard in the common cause of human rights, and when a few plain words are all-powerful.

Eugene Lawrence.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A poor memory is a very inconvenient thing. So a man found it who lately called on a friend, and in the course of the conversation asked him how his good father was.

"He is dead; did you not know it?" answered the friend.

"Indeed! I am distressed to hear it," said the visitor. "I had no idea of it;" and he proceeded to express his sympathy.

A year after, he called again, and forgetfully asked, "And how is your good father?"

The clever reply was, "Still dead."

A man entered, not long ago, a shop where are sold the ornamental mottoes, more or less commonplace and conventional, which are framed and hung in houses, such as "Welcome," "Bless our Home," etc. He inspected the stock, but appeared dissatisfied.

"We have a large assortment," said the officious proprietor, "and can certainly suit you with anything in the market."

"Wa'al," said the man, "I'm a-lookin' for somethin' to hang up in a dinin'-room—somethin' neat and appropriate. I don't strike jest what I want."

"But if you will give me an idea of the sentiment, I am sure that we can supply your needs. Our aim is to suit our patrons."

"Wa'al," said the man, "I can't jest put it in the right way, but I'll tell ye, now. The idee of what I want to put up is, 'Darn our boardin'-house!'"

A well-known and very witty Massachusetts lady called, on a certain occasion, on a family consisting of father, mother, and daughter. The father had very black hair, and all three were extremely reserved and frigid in manner, so much so that the call proved rather unsatisfactory to the lady. On returning, she described it in an epigram worthy of preservation.

"I have just made," she said, "an Alpine visit. I have seen the Mère de Glace, the Tête Noire, and the Jungfrau."

"Can not you stay longer?" asked a host of his clever visitor, a few days ago. "I had hoped that you had come to spend the evening."

"I thank you, but I must go to the club," was the reply. "I have an engagement there to-night."

"What an interest you take in that club!" said the host, petulantly. "It certainly owes very much to you. You have dry-nursed it for years."

"Oh no," said the visitor; "I have brought it up on the bottle."

When Meyerbeer wished to produce the great *Prophète*, he found himself in need of a tenor of rare powers, and a well-known expert was sent to Italy to find him. After a long search a suitable man was discovered, and engaged. On the way to the frontier the singer quietly remarked that he was under a seven years' engagement to an Italian impresario, and was absconding. The envoy, much disgusted, proposed sending him back; but he entreated him to forego this purpose, promising to submit to an arbitration when he arrived at Paris, and to pay all adjudicated damages. The envoy told him that he had a passport for himself and valet, and that the only way of passing the frontier was for him to assume the latter character. Reluctantly consenting, the tenor found himself compelled to wait at the table at the last stopping-place. He performed his functions so badly that some army officers remarked upon his clumsiness, whereupon he spilled a plate of soup over the handsome uniform of one of them. Immediately after this outbreak, he thought that he had attracted the attention of some ladies at the table, and fancied them saying, "What a pity that such a good-looking fellow should be reduced to this!" Thereupon his vanity overcame what little prudence he possessed. He pitched away the napkin which he carried in his hand, struck a theatrical attitude, and sang delightfully Rubini's favorite cavatina from *Niobe*. He was at once recognized, and arrested without delay; and the envoy returned empty-handed and disconsolate to Paris.

The poet Heine, in speaking of the great Leverrier, said: "What a fuss they are making about this astronomer, to be sure! I should like to know what good he has done to the world. For myself, I do not care a cent for new planets. I should think much more of him if he had discovered a new species of tomato!"

In a theatre in this country some time ago a disappointed man in the audience threw a goose's head at an actor. The latter came to the foot-lights with great coolness, and said, "Gentlemen, I perceive that one of you has lost his head; but he need have no fear; I am willing to return it to him at the conclusion of the performance!"

This recalls some of the remarkable scenes at the performances of the late Count Joannes in this city. He once played Hamlet to a very witty, good-natured, and noisy audience, who only allowed an occasional word to be heard. One of the minor characters had a very long nose. As soon as he made his appearance the gallery called out: "Speak up, Nosey!" "Come out from behind that nose!" "No use trying to hide behind it!" "We know you're there!"

When Hamlet drew the miniature from his breast, and it had the appearance of a jewel, the Count's impecuniosity was at once suggested to the audience, and they shouted, "You could raise a dollar and a half on that, George!"

It is related that the noble Count at last advanced to the front, and, in a moment's lull, cried, laconically, "Jackasses!"

An overworked young man consulted a physician who had adopted his profession rather late in life.

"H'm! young fellow," said the latter, "a good constitution is very needful for a business man. You look a little off color. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five! Why, bless your heart! look at me! Before I was your age I had gone through bankruptcy!"

An opera by Marmontel, called *La Guirlande*, was very poorly received by the Parisian public. One day, while they were playing it, he happened to engage a cab for a "course," and the coachman drove through a narrow street near the opera-house. Fearing that he would be caught in a crowd, Marmontel cried out to him to take another route.

"Oh, never fear, sir," said the coachman, "there will be no crowd, and no rush. They are playing *La Guirlande*."

There are many men who speak of their losses, and when called upon to detail them, can only say that they did not make this or that investment whereby they would have gained large sums. An analogous mode of reasoning would seem in order as regards profits. At least so thought the brilliant but penniless young "society man" who lately asked a Wall Street magnate to give him his daughter's hand.

"But, my dear fellow, you haven't a cent in the world!" cried the rich man.

"What does that matter?" answered the leader of Germans. "You say that her *dot* is five hundred thousand dollars. I will take her with half that sum cash down. We shall come out two hundred and fifty thousand apiece ahead—don't you see?"

The moral of one of the excellent fables of Mr. G. Washington Æsop was, apropos of life-insurance agents, that there was "such a thing as being instant out of season." This was not the motto of an aspiring young man who applied, not many years since, for the agency of a large company in a certain city. Not receiving a definite appointment, he wrote:

> "I wish that you would hurry up with those papers, for what with old epidemics and new rum, the field is daily growing smaller. What do you say to my putting on all the grave-stones in the new cemetery, 'Did not insure in the —— Mutual. J—— W——, Agent?'"

General Badeau, the long-time friend of General Grant, is a choice *raconteur*, and one of his stories is of the curious working of a law of Congress providing that officers of the United States Volunteers who had been mustered out of the service might thereafter wear their uniform "on occasions of state and ceremony." This was at once put to the test by an ex-brigadier-general, who had enlisted in the regular army as a high private, and who on the first parade-day appeared in the ranks in his old toggery, epaulets and all, but with the musket on his shoulder. He logically remarked that "if that wasn't an occasion of state and ceremony, he'd like to know what in thunder it was!"

ICE-YACHTING.

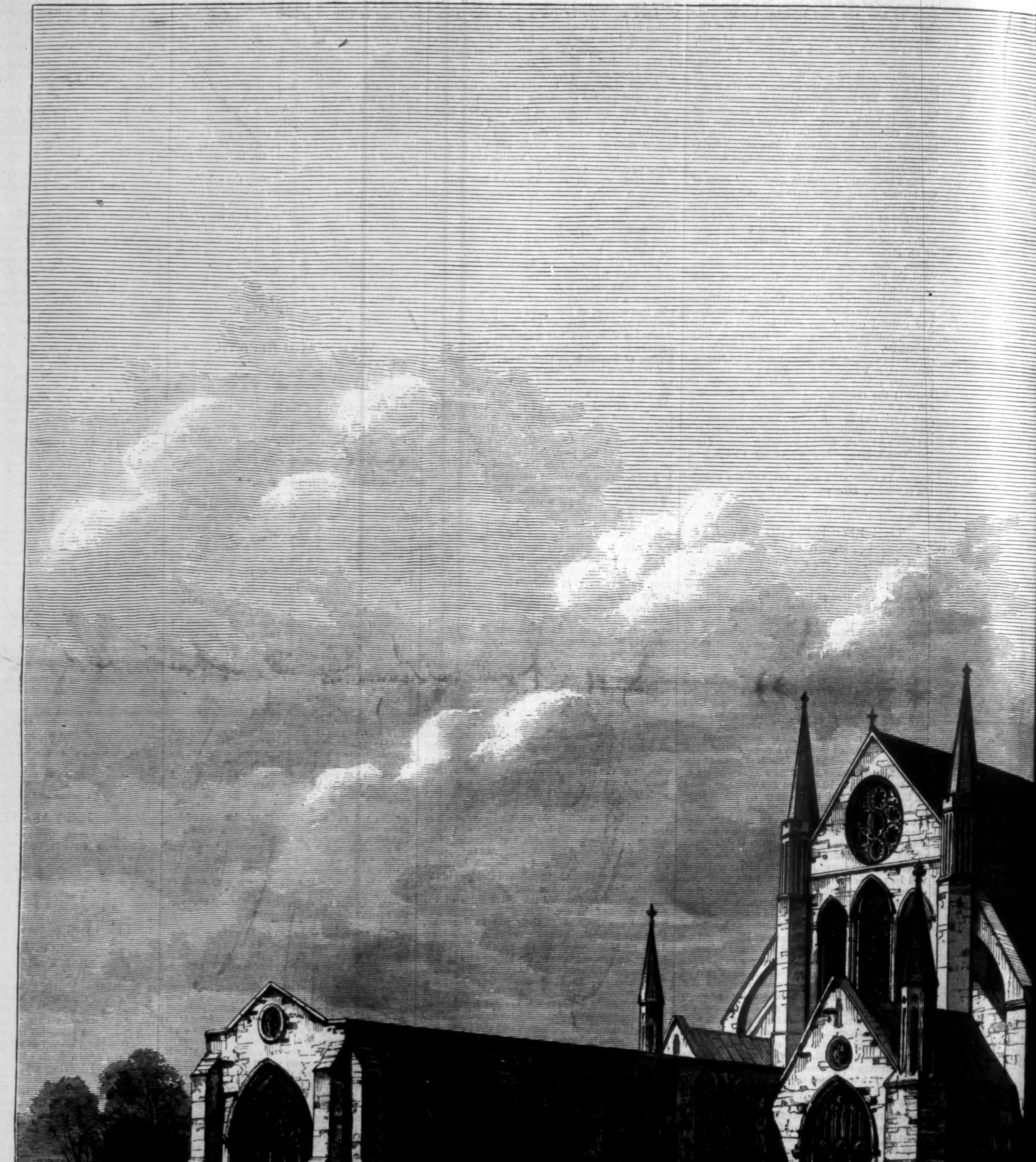
The heavy snow-storms of the last few weeks have rendered the ice unfit for this fascinating sport, but ice-yachters look forward to a more favorable season when the February rains have done their work. The club of New Hamburg, on the Hudson, which was organized in 1869, is making vigorous preparations for a grand regatta, and, when the time comes, will show as fine a fleet of these novel craft as can be found anywhere in the world.

At our Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, this club exhibited a full-rigged and most beautifully finished ice-yacht, which, besides attracting universal attention, received a first prize, and helped to extend the knowledge of the sport to thousands who had never before heard of it. Working drawings of this Centennial ice-yacht were asked for, and presented to the Norwegian Commissioner, who wished to introduce similar craft upon the frozen fiords of his own country and Sweden, and drawings and photographic pictures were also carried to London, Edinburgh, and Vienna. This club holds the Ice-yacht Challenge Pennant of America, which was manufactured by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. a few years ago, and which is a challenge open to any organized ice-yacht club in this country or Europe.

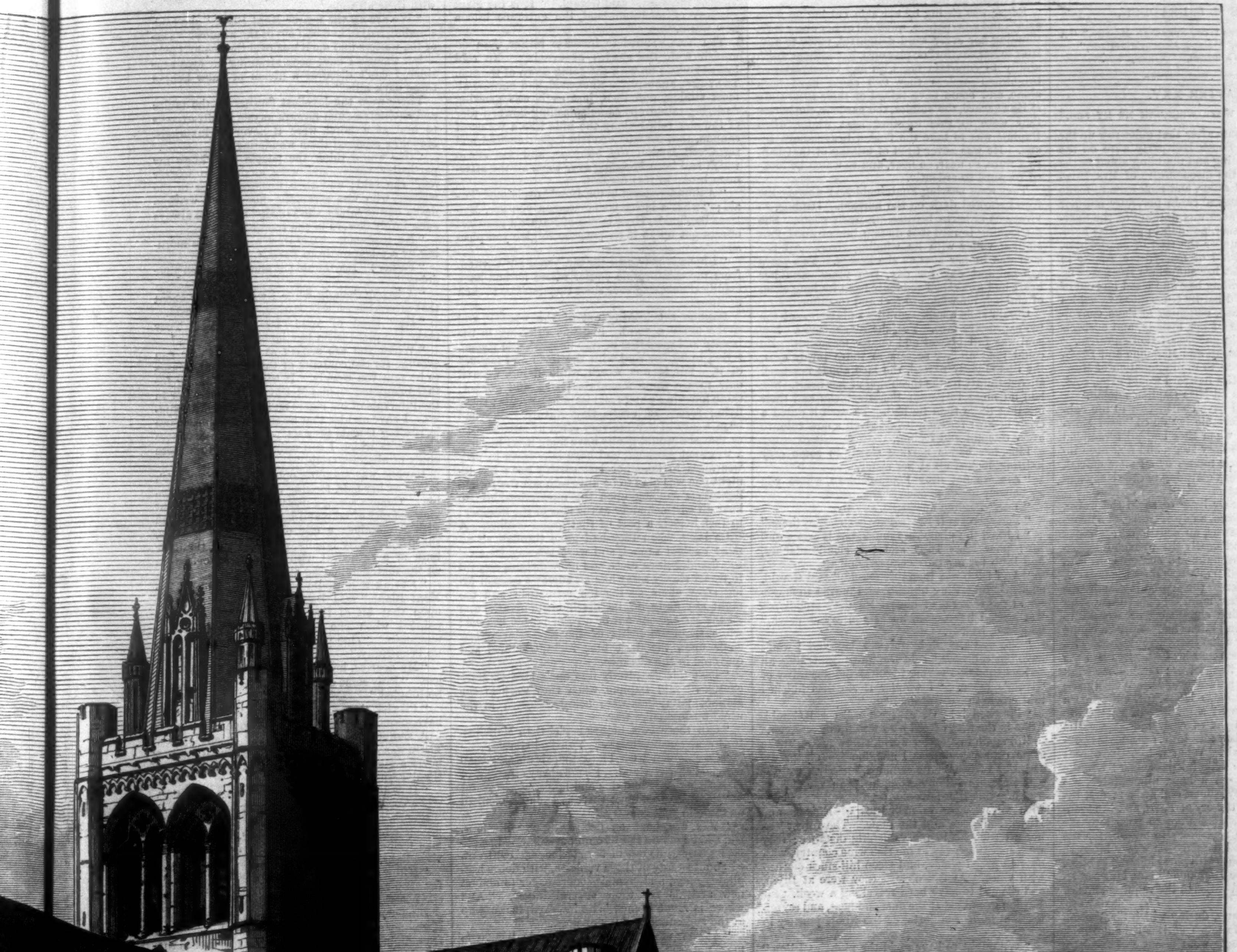
There are four annual regattas, and two prizes are awarded in every race. The yachts are divided into two classes, according to area of canvas, those carrying 400 square feet and over forming the first class, and those under that figure constituting the second class. The club course is twelve miles, and all regular regattas must be sailed in one hour or less.

On our first page will be found a series of sketches illustrating the incidents of a trip in one of these craft. Ice-yachts always sail close hauled, and often the boat attains such speed, when running before the wind, that the sails will shake and flap. In consequence of this speed, the flag always flies aft, no matter what may be the direction of the wind.

It sometimes happens that the ice-yacht "rears," as it is called, the windward runner being lifted as high as ten feet in the air, and the yacht sailing for half a mile or more on the other. This is very exciting; and although the windward runner is generally weighted by one of the crew, a sudden squall will not unfrequently cause the yacht to capsize. It sometimes happens, in slow sailing, that one runner may catch in an air-hole, and throw the yacht completely over on its side. This rarely occurs in swift sailing, the yacht, like a rapid skater, passing safely over thin places in the ice.



ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE—CH



E—CH CHESTER CATHEDRAL.—[See Page 123.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

"BUT I WOT BEST, WHER WRINGETH ME MY SHO."

TWENTY-FOUR hours after that quiet row up the moon-lit river, the South Hill party were on the Calais steamer, tossing and tumbling about in the Channel, much to the discomfiture of Mrs. Mowser, who was a bad sailor, and took care to make everybody in the ladies' cabin perfectly familiar with that fact. There was nothing of the Spartan boy about Mowser, nothing in any wise heroic in her conduct under the trial of seasickness. Yet there was a kind of martyr-like fidelity in her, for even amidst her sufferings she never let her mistress's travelling bag and jewel box out of her eye—nay, would hardly trust those valuables out of her own grasp, clutching at them convulsively in the throes of her malady, and suspecting evil intentions in guileless fellow-sufferers.

It was a lovely night, and Madoline and Daphne both staid on deck, to the indignation of Mowser, who was sure Miss Lawford would catch cold, and declared it was all Miss Daphne's doing.

"I thought you'd have come down to the cabin and had a comfortable lay down," said Mowser, complainingly, when they had all scrambled or staggered up the oozy steps, and had been interrogated as to their names by an alert official, in a manner somewhat alarming to the sleepy and feeble-minded voyager.

Then came a weary hour or so in the warm, light refreshment-room, a cup of coffee, or a bouillon, a few stifled yawns, an occasional excursion to the platform, and finally the welcome departure, by flat fields and unknown marsh-lands, with the inevitable row of poplars against the horizon. Daphne seemed to know the depressing landscape by heart. Her father, muffled in his corner, slept peacefully. Madoline slumbered, or seemed to slumber. Gerald and Edgar had secured a coupé to smoke in, and by a judicious arrangement with the guard, Sir Vernon and his daughters had the compartment all to themselves; but not one wink of sleep visited Daphne's eyelids. Wearily she watched the monotonous landscape, enlivened a little now and then by a glimpse of village life in the clear cold light of early morning, cattle moving about in misty meadows, casements opening to the balmy air. What a long journey it seemed to that one wakeful passenger! but the longest—were it even a long, unprofitable, uneventful life journey—must end at last; and by-and-by there came the cry of Paris, and the mandate that all passengers were to pass into the great bare luggage repository to answer for the contents of bags and baggage—a weary interval, during which the South Hill party loitered in bleak waiting-rooms, while Jinman and Mrs. Mowser delivered up keys, and satisfied the requirements of the state.

A long day in Paris, during which Sir Vernon reposed from his fatigues at the Bristol Hotel, while the young people went about sight-seeing; a dinner at Bignon's, where Daphne protested she could perceive no difference between the much-vaunted consommé of that establishment and Mrs. Spicer's clear soup; an evening at the Français, where they saw Got in *Mercadet;* and then off again in the early summer morning by the eight-o'clock train for Dijon and Geneva, a twelve hours' journey.

It was a peerless morning. Paris, with its busy markets and teeming life, seemed brimming over with brightness and gayety; boulevard-building in full progress; wagons coming in from the country; artisans hurrying, grisettes tripping to their work. Daphne's spirits rose with the thought of fresh woods and pastures new.

"I have been longing all my life to see Switzerland," she said, when all the difficulties of departure were overcome, and the train was speeding gayly past suburban gardens, and groves, and bridges, "and now I can hardly believe I am going there. It is a journey to dream about and look forward to, not to come to pass."

"Are no bright things ever to come to pass? Is all life to be dull and colorless?" asked Gerald Goring, sitting opposite her in the railway carriage, with Lina by his side. They were all together to-day, having established themselves as comfortably as possible in the spacious compartment, and having provided themselves largely with light literature wherewith to beguile the tedium of the journey.

"I don't know about you," said Daphne; "you are an exceptional person, and have been able to realize all your dreams."

"Not all," answered Gerald, gravely. "I suppose no one ever does that."

"You have but to wish, and, lo, it is gratified," murmured Daphne, taking no notice of his interruption. "Last winter it flashed across your brain that it would be nice to shoot cariboos—poor innocent harmless cariboos, who had never injured you—and, in a thought, you are off and away by seas and rivers, and snow and ice, to gratify the whim. What pleasure can Switzerland have for you? Every inch of it must be as vapidly familiar as that dear old English Warwickshire which you esteem so lightly."

"Perhaps. But it is a pleasure to revisit a familiar place with those I love. I was a poor solitary waif when I went through Switzerland from Geneva to Constance, Lindau to Samaden, picking up my companions by the way, or travelling in Byronic solitude—though, by-the-way, I doubt if Byron was ever much alone. Judged by his poetry, he may be a gloomy and solitary spirit; but judged by his life and letters, he was a social soul."

"I like to think of him as gloomy and alone," said Daphne, with a determined air. "Please don't dispel all my illusions."

Edgar was sitting by her side, cutting up magazines and newspapers, watchful of her every look, thinking her every word delightful, ready to minister to her comfort or pleasure, but without much ability to entertain her with any conversational brightness—unless they two could have been alone, and could have talked of their future life at Hawksyard, the stables, the gardens, the horses they were to ride together next winter, when Daphne was to take the field, a heaven-born Diana. He was never tired of talking of that happy future, so near, so near, and to which he looked forward so ardently.

They were nearing Fontainebleau; already the forest showed dark on the horizon. Daphne, so vivacious hitherto, became strangely silent. She sat looking toward that distant line of wood, that smiling valley with its winding river. All her soul was in her eyes as she looked. Two years ago—almost day for day, two years—and her heart had awakened suddenly from its long sleep of childish innocence to feel and to suffer.

Gerald stole a look—guiltily as it were—at the too expressive face. Yes, she remembered. Her soul was full of sad and tender memories. He could read all her secrets in those lovely eyes, the lips slightly parted, the lace about her neck stirred faintly by the throbbing of her heart. She had no more forgotten Fontainebleau and their meeting there than he had. To each it dated a crisis in life: for each it had given a new color to every thought and feeling.

Lina, her hands moving slowly in some easy knitting, looked up at her sister.

"Are we not near Fontainebleau, where you spent your holidays once?" she asked.

"Yes," Daphne answered, shortly.

"You speak as if you had not been happy there."

"I liked the place very much, but it was a dull life: poor Miss Toby and her sick-headaches, and Dibb for my only companion."

"And Dibb was ineffably stupid," said Gerald, suddenly forgetting himself, and moved to laughter at the thought of honest Martha's stolidity—"at least, I have often heard you say as much," he added, hastily.

"She was a good, harmless thing, and I won't have her ridiculed," said Daphne, brightening, all serious thoughts taking flight at the absurdity of Gerald's lapse. "I wonder if she has finished that crochet counterpane?"

"Finished it! Of course not," cried Gerald. "She is the sort of girl who would die, and come to life again in a better world, still working at the same counterpane—as I imagine from your description of her," he concluded, meekly.

They were leaving Fontainebleau far behind them by this time; its old church, and its palace, with all its historic memories of Francis and Henri, Napoleon and the Pope. The forest was but a dark spot in the vanishing distance; they were speeding away to the rich wine country, with its vast green plains, and steep hill-sides clothed with vines. At two o'clock they were at Dijon, and seemed to have been travelling a week. Sir Vernon grumbled at the dust and heat, and regretted that he had undertaken the whole journey in a day.

"We ought to have staid the night at Dijon," he said, fretfully, when they were out of the station, steaming away toward Beaune, after a hurried luncheon in the well-furnished refreshment-room.

"It is a wretchedly dull place to stop at, sir," said Gerald; "hardly anything to see."

"At my age a man does not want always to be seeing things," growled Sir Vernon; "he wants rest."

The day had been oppressively hot—a sultry heat, a sun-baked landscape. Madoline and her sister bore it with admirable patience, beguiling the tedium of those long hours now with conversation, now with books, anon with quiet contemplation of the landscape, which for a long way offered no striking features. It was growing toward evening when they entered the Jura region, and found themselves in a world that was really worth looking at—a wild, strange world, as it seemed to Daphne's eye: vast rolling masses of hill that seemed to have been thrown up in long waves before this little world assumed shape and solidity, precipitous green slopes, grassy walls that shut out the day, and the deep rapid river cleaving its tumultuous course through the trough of the hills.

"Don't you think this is better than Stratford-upon-Avon?" asked Gerald, mockingly, as he watched Dahpne's excited face, her eyes wide with wonder.

"Ever so much wilder and grander. I should like to live here."

"Why?"

"Because in such a world one would forget one's self. One's own poor little troubles would seem too mean and trumpery to be thought about."

"No man's trouble is small or mean to the sufferer himself," replied Gerald. "There is nothing grand or dignified in the abstract notion of Job's boils; yet to him they meant an unendurable agony which tempted him to curse his Creator and destroy his own life. I don't believe the grandest natural surroundings would lessen one's sense of the thorn in one's side."

"I don't think you have any thorns, Daphne," said Edgar, tenderly, "or that you need take refuge from your sorrows among these savage-looking mountains."

"Of course not. I was only speaking generally," answered Daphne, lightly. "But, oh! what a mighty world it is—hills that climb to the sky, and such lovely tranquil valleys lying between those dark earth walls. Vines, and water-mills, and water-falls tumbling over rough rocky beds. If Switzerland is much grander than this, I think its grandeur will kill me. I can hardly breathe when I look up at those great dark hills."

"I don't know that there is anything in Switzerland that impresses one so much as one's first view of the Jura," said Gerald. "It is the giant gateway of mountain-land, the entrance into a new world."

The heat seemed to increase rather than diminish with the shades of evening. No cool breeze sprang up with the going down of the sun. The sultry atmosphere thickened, and became almost stifling, and then, just as it was growing dark, big rain-drops came splashing down, a roar of thunder rolled along the hills like a volley of cannon, thin threads of vivid light trembled and zigzagged behind the hill-tops, and the storm which had been brooding over them all the afternoon broke in real earnest.

"A thunder-storm in the Jura!" exclaimed Gerald; "what a lucky young woman you are, Mistress Daphne! Here is one of Nature's grandest effects got up as if on purpose to give you pleasure."

"I hope it may cool the air," said Sir Vernon, from the comfortable corner where he had been fitfully slumbering ever since they left the French territory.

Daphne sat looking out of the window, and spoke never a word. She was drinking in the beauty and grandeur of this unspeakable region, trying to fill her soul with the form and manner of it. Yes, it was worth while living, were it only to see these mountain peaks and gorges; these hurrying waters and leaping torrents; these living forces of everlasting Nature. She had been weary of her life very often of late, so weary that she would gladly have flung it off her like a worn-out garment, and have lain down in very weariness to take her last earthly rest; but to-night she was glad to be alive—to see the forked lightnings dancing upon the mountain-sides; to hear all earth shudder at the roar of the thunder; to feel herself a part of that grand conflict. A little later, when they had gone through an almost endless tunnel, and were nearing Geneva, the thunder grew more and more distant, seemed to travel slowly away like an enemy's cannon firing stray shots as the foe retreated; and the night sky flung off its black cloud-mantle, and all the stars shone out of a calm purple heaven; while the little lights of the city, faint yellow spots upon the dark blue night, trembled and quivered in the distance.

"Isn't this dreadfully like one's idea of Manchester?" said Daphne, when they were in the station, and tickets were being collected in the usual business-like way.

"Can there be a higher model than Manchester for any commercial city?" asked Gerald.

"Commercial! Oh, I hope there is nothing commercial in Switzerland. I have always thought of it as a land of mountains and lakes."

"So is Scotland, yet there is such an element as trade in that country."

"You are bent on destroying my illusions. Oh, what a horrid row of omnibuses!" cried Daphne, as they came out of the station, and confronted about twenty of those vehicles, with doors hospitably open, and commissioners eager to abduct new arrivals for their several hotels. "And where is Mont Blanc?" she inquired, looking up at the surrounding chimney-pots.

"At your elbow," answered Gerald; "but you may not see him to-night. The monarch of mountains is like our own gracious sovereign, and is not always visible to his subjects."

There was a private carriage from the Beau Rivage Hotel waiting for the South Hill party, and in this they all drove off down a hilly street, which was cruelly disappointing to Daphne. Jinman and Mowser followed in the omnibus with the luggage. Mowser, like Daphne, was considerably disappointed.

"If this is Switzerland, I call it very inferior to Brighton," she said, snappishly. "Where are the glassheres and the mountings?"

"Did you expect to find them just outside the station?" demanded the more travelled Jinman. "I have lived months in Switzerland, and never seen a glashyeer. I don't hold with having one's bones rattled to bits upon a mule for the sake of seeing a lot of dirty ice. One can look at that any hard winter on the Serpentine."

"Swisserland is Swisserland," answered Mowser, sententiously, "and I don't hold with coming all this way from home—I'm sure I thought this blessed day would never come to an end—unless we are to see somethink out of the common."

"The hotels are first-class," said Jinman, "and so are the restorongs on board the boats. Nobody need starve in Switzerland."

"Can we get a decent cup of tea?" asked Mowser. "There's not a scullery-maid at South Hill as would drink such cat-lap as they brought me at the Bristol."

Jinman explained that the tea-pot was an institution fully understood in the Helvetian States.

"They're a more domestic people than the French," said Jinman, condescendingly; "I must say that for them. But Genever is the poorest place for restorongs I was ever at; plenty of your caffy-staminies, where you may drink bad wine and smoke bad cigars to your heart's content, but hardly a decent house where you can get a dejoonay à la fourchette, or give a little bit of dinner to a friend. The hotels have got it all their own way."

"They ought to," answered Mowser, "when there's such a many of 'em. I wonder they can all pay."

At the Beau Rivage, Sir Vernon and his daughters found a spacious suite of rooms on the third floor, many-windowed, balconied, looking over the lake. The two young men had secured quarters a little way off, at the International. Sir Vernon grumbled a little at being put on the third story, after having given due notice of his coming; but the American dollar and the Russian ruble had bought up the first and second stages of the big hotel, and an English country gentleman must needs be contented with an upper floor. But the rooms were lovely, and Daphne was delighted with their altitude.

"We are all the nearer Mont Blanc," she said, standing half in and half out of the window. "One of the waiters told me it was over there—tout près—but though I have been straining my eyes ever since, I can't discover a gleam of snow behind those dark hills."

There were the loveliest flowers on the tables and cabinets—such flowers as one hardly expects to find at a hotel, were it never so luxurious. Madoline admired them wonderingly.

"One would think the people here knew my particular vanity, and were anxious to gratify me," she said; and then turning to one of the waiters, who was arranging books and writing-desks on the tables, she asked, "Have you always such lovely flowers in the rooms?"

"No, madame. They were ordered this morning by a telegram from Paris."

"Father! No, Gerald; it must have been your doing."

"A happy thought while I was loitering about that miserable railway station," replied Gerald.

"How good of you! Dear flowers! They make the place seem like home."

"When you are settled at Montreux, we can arrange for the contents of the Abbey hot-houses to be sent you weekly. It will be something for that pampered menial McCloskie to look after in the intervals of his cigars and metaphysical studies. I have an idea that he employs all his leisure in reading Dugald Stewart. There is a hardness about him which I can only attribute to a close study of abstract truth."

Daphne was standing out on the balcony, with Edgar at her side, looking down at the scene below. Geneva seemed pretty enough in this night view—a city of lake and lamp-light, ringed round with mountains; a city of angles and bridges, sharp lines, lofty houses, peaked roofs, the dark bulk of a cathedral, with a picturesque lantern on the roof, dominating all the rest.

"I think if it would only lighten, I could see Mont Blanc," said Daphne, with her eyes fixed upon that bit of sky to which the waiter had pointed when she questioned him about the mountain. "One good vivid flash would light it up beautifully."

"My dearest, how dangerous!" exclaimed Edgar. "Pray come out of the balcony. You might be blinded."

"I'll risk that. It will not be the first time I have stared the lightning out of countenance."

A summer flash lit up the sky as she spoke. There was one wide quiver of pale blue light, but never a glimpse of snow-clad peak gleamed from the distance.

"How horrid!" exclaimed Daphne; "but that was a very poor flash. I'll wait for a better one."

She waited for half a dozen, in spite of Edgar's urgent efforts to lure her in-doors, but the summer flashes showed her nothing but their own vivid light.

"If the electric light prove no better than that for all practical uses, I don't envy the inventor," she exclaimed, with infinite disgust.

Dinner was served in the adjoining room, but Madoline and her sister begged to be excused from dining. They would take tea together in the drawing-room while the three gentlemen dined. Sir Vernon declared that he had no appetite, but he was willing to sit down, for the public good, as it were. After which protest he did ample justice to a sole à la Normande and a poulet à la Marengo, to say nothing of such pretty tiny kickshaws as gateau St. Honoré and ice-pudding.

For Madoline and Daphne a round table was spread with a snowy cloth, a pile of delicious rolls, unquestionable butter, and a glass dish of pale golden honey, excellent tea, and cream—a thoroughly Arcadian meal.

"Dearest, how brightly your eyes are sparkling," said Lina, with an admiring look at the young face opposite. "I can see you are enjoying yourself."

"Yes, there is always a pleasure in novelty. Why can not one pass all one's life in new places? The world is wide enough. It is only our own foolishness that keeps us tied, like a poor tethered animal, to one dull spot."

"Why, Daphne, I thought you were so fond of home that the banks of the Warwickshire Avon made up your idea of earthly paradise."

"Sometimes, yes. But lately I have grown terribly tired of Warwickshire."

"That's a bad hearing; and next year, when you are settled at Hawksyard—"

"Please don't speak of that. Thank Heaven we are three days' journey from Hawksyard. Let me forget it if I can."

"Daphne, how can you talk like that of a dear old place which is to be your home? A place where one of the best men living was born."

"If you think him such a wonder of goodness, why did you not have him when he asked you?" cried Daphne, in a sudden fit of irritation: those nerves of hers, always too highly strung, were to-night at their sharpest tension. "I am sick to death of hearing him praised by people who don't care a straw about him."

"Daphne!" exclaimed Lina, more grieved than offended at this outburst.

Daphne was on her knees beside her sister in the next moment.

"Forgive me, darling; I am hideously cross and disagreeable. I suppose it is that tiresome lightning, and the annoyance of not seeing Mont Blanc. All that long, dusty, fusty journey, and nothing but a hotel and a lamp-lit town at the end of it. I wanted to find myself in the very heart of mountains, and glaciers, and avalanches."

"I think you know how honestly I like Edgar," said Madoline, believing in her guilelessness that Daphne had resented her praise of Mr. Turchill because she fancied it hollow and insincere. "I dare say if I had not cared for Gerald long before Edgar proposed to me, I might have given Mr.

Turchill a different answer. I can not tell how that might have been. My life has had only one love. I loved Gerald from the days when he first came to South Hill, a school-boy, when he used to tell me all his troubles and his triumphs, when any success of his made me prouder than if it had been my own. My heart was given away ages before Edgar ever spoke to me of love."

"I know, dear; I can understand it all; only, don't you know, when everybody conspires to praise the young man to whom one is engaged, and when all one's relations are everlastingly congratulating one upon one's good fortune—the implication being that it is quite undeserved—there is a kind of weariness that creeps over one's soul at the sound of those familiar phrases."

"I will never praise him again, dear," answered Lina, smiling at her. "I shall be perfectly contented to know that you value him as he deserves to be valued, and that your future happiness is assured by his devoted love."

Daphne gave a fretful little sigh, but made no further protest. She was thinking that she had seen a Newfoundland dog every whit as devoted as Edgar. Yet the affection of that Newfoundland would have hardly been deemed all-sufficient for the happiness of a lifetime.

She went back to the table, and did execution upon the rolls and honey with a healthy girlish appetite, despite that feverish unrest which disturbed the equal balance of her mind.

Daphne ordered Edgar to attend her on an exploration of the city next morning, directly after breakfast.

"Madoline and my father know the place by heart," she said; "and of course Mr. Goring is tired of it. How could a man who is weary of all creation care for Geneva?"

"Who told you I was weary of creation?" asked Gerald, languidly.

"Your ways and your manners," replied Daphne. "I knew as much the first time I saw you."

The weather was clear and bright, the town looking its best, as Daphne and her lover left the hotel on their excursion. They were to be back before noon, at which hour they were to start with Gerald and Madoline for Ferney.

"If it were not for the lake, this place would be beneath contempt," said Daphne, decisively, as they crossed the low level bridge, and lingered to look at the sapphire Rhone, and to speculate upon that deepened azure hue which the waters assume when they flow from the lake into the river. "It is no more like the Geneva of my dreams than it is like Jerusalem the Golden."

"Is it not really?"

"Of course not. My idea of Switzerland was a succession of mountain ledges, varied by an occasional plank across a torrent. Imagine my revulsion of feeling at finding a big business-like town, with omnibuses, and cafés, and manufactories, and everything that is commonplace and despicable."

"But surely I think you must have known that Geneva was a town," faltered Edgar, grieved at his dear one's ignorance, and glad to think his mother was not by to compare this foolishness with her own precise geographical knowledge, acquired thirty years ago at Miss Tompion's, and carefully harvested in the store-house of a methodic mind.

"Well, perhaps I may have expected something in the way of a city: a semicircle of white peaky houses on the margin of the lake; a mediæval watch-tower or two; a Gothic gateway—the very gate that was shut against Rousseau, don't you know—and Mont Blanc in full view."

"I call it a very fine town," said Edgar, venturing to disagree with his beloved.

"I wish it did not swarm so with English and Americans. I have heard nothing but my own tongue since I came out," said Daphne.

She was better pleased presently when they mounted a narrow street on the side of a breakneck hill. She was tolerably satisfied with the cathedral, where the tomb of the great Protestant leader Henri de Rohan took her fancy by its massive grandeur, couchant lions at its base, the soldier in his armor above. She was interested in the pulpit, from which Calvin argued, and was somewhat disgusted with her companion for his utter ignorance of the historic past, save in as much as it was feebly reflected in the most limited and conventional course of instruction.

"What did you learn at Rugby?" she asked, impatiently. "You don't seem to know anything."

"We didn't give much time to history, except Livy and Xenophon," answered Edgar, feebly apologetic.

"And therefore you are not a bit of use as a cicerone. You really ought to subscribe to Mudie, and read a lot of instructive books. There's no good in reading old histories; people are always discovering letters and archives that put the whole story of the past in a new light. You must get your history hot from the press."

"I would rather take my information at second-hand from you, dear," answered Edgar, meekly. "It seems natural to women to read a great deal, and to find almost a second life in books; but men—"

"Are so utterly lazy that their capacity for taking in knowledge is exhausted by the time they have read the daily papers," answered Daphne. "And now please take me to the museums Mr. Goring told you about."

With some trouble, and a good deal of inquiring, they found a private collection of art and bric-à-brac, historical relics, furniture, delf, and china, that was well worth seeing. Then, having regaled their eyes upon this to the uttermost, they scampered off to the public museum, where the only objects of thrilling interest were the manuscripts and letters of dead-and-gone celebrities, from Calvin downward. They found that famous reformer's penmanship as angular as his character; they found Bossuet a careless and sprawling writer; Fénelon, careful, neat, and fine; the Duc de Richelieu, a fop even in the use of his pen, his writing exquisitely neat, minute, and regular; while De Maintenon's hand was large, bold, angular, and eminently readable, the natural indication of an unscrupulous managing temper, a woman born to govern, by fair means or foul. Daphne lingered a little over Rousseau's manuscript of *Julie*—a work of delicate neatness, evidently copied from the rough draft.

"Is not *Julie* one of the novels which one mustn't read?" asked Daphne, when she had perused half a page. "It looks uncommonly dull; I thought wicked stories were always interesting."

Edgar had never heard of *Julie*. It was doubtful if he had ever heard of Rousseau; but at this remark he hurried Daphne away from the manuscript, lest some snaky little bit of immorality should uncurl itself on the page, and lift up its evil head before her. It was time for them to get back to the hotel, so they gave but a cursory glance at the pictures and other treasures of the museum, and hastened into the glare of the broad white street, where Edgar insisted upon putting his betrothed into a fly. They found Madoline and Gerald waiting for them in the porch of the Beau Rivage, and a smart open carriage, with a pair of horses, ready to take them to Ferney.

"Thank goodness we are going away from Geneva," said Daphne, as the carriage rattled through the wide clean streets toward the country; "and now I suppose we shall see something really Swiss."

"You will see the home of a great man of letters," answered Gerald, looking at her lazily with those languid, dreamy eyes whose shifting hue had so puzzled her in the forest of Fontainebleau; "and as you are such a hero-worshipper, that ought to satisfy you."

"I don't care a straw for Voltaire," said Daphne.

"Indeed. And pray how much do you know about him?"

"Everything. I have read Carlyle's description of him in *Frederick the Great*. He was a horrid man; cringed to his goat-faced Eminence Dubois; allowed himself to be caned by a lackey."

"Don't say he allowed himself. I don't suppose he could help it."

"He ought to have prevented it. Imagine a great man beginning his career by being beaten by a footman!"

"Who knows that your Shakspeare did not get a sound drubbing from Sir Thomas Lucy's gamekeepers before he was stung into retaliating by that exquisitely refined lampoon which tradition ascribes to him? You worship your Swan of Avon for what he wrote, not for what he did. Can you not deal the same measure to Voltaire?"

"I don't know anything of his writing, except a few speeches out of *Zaïre*, and an epitome of his *Louis Quatorze*. If you are going to put him on an equality with Shakspeare—"

"I am not. But I say that as an all-round literary worker he never had an equal, unless it were Scott, who has surpassed him in many things, and who could, I believe, have equalled him on any ground."

"Scott was an old dear," answered Daphne, with her usual flippancy, "and I would rather have 'Marmion' and the *Bride of Lammermoor* than all this Voltaire of yours ever wrote."

"And which you, most conscientious of critics, never read."

"Well, Daphne, what do you think of the country?" asked Madoline, now that they had left the city, and were driving slowly up hill through a pastoral district. "Is it not pretty?"

"Pretty!" cried Daphne; "of course it is pretty; but it isn't Swiss. What do I care for prettiness? There is enough of that and to spare in Warwickshire. Why"—with ineffable disgust—"the country is absolutely green!"

"What color did you expect it to be?" asked Edgar, smiling at her energetic displeasure.

"White, of course. One dazzling sweep of snow—one blinding world of whiteness."

"If you want that kind of thing, you had better go to the north pole," said Gerald.

"Not I. If this is Switzerland, I have done with travelling. I dare say the north pole is as tame as Stratford high street."

"Does not that grand Jura range frowning yonder content you?" asked Gerald. "Is not your eye satisfied by the cloud-wrapped Alps on the other side of that blue lake?"

"No; they are too far off. I want to be among them—a part of them. After a hypocritical waiter telling me last night that Mont Blanc was là, tout près, a truthful chamber-maid confessed this morning that it is a fourteen hours' drive to Chamounix, and then one is only at the foot of the mountain. As for this landscape we are now travelling through—"

"It is uncommonly like Jersey," said Edgar. "I took my mother there for her holiday five summers ago. It is a capital place for boating, and rambling about, and crossing over to the other islands; but the mater didn't like it. The people weren't good enough for her. The gowns and bonnets weren't up to her mark."

They were at Ferney by this time—a rustic village with one or two humble cafés, a few small shops, a farm-yard. Here Daphne descried a pair of oxen drawing a wagon of hay—noble beasts, dappled and tawny—and the sight of these gave a foreign air to the scene which in some wise lessened her disgust.

A shaded, shrubberied drive admitted them to the house where Voltaire lived so long and so peacefully, and which is now in the occupation of a gentleman who graciously allows it to be shown—rather ungraciously—by his major-domo. Lightly as Daphne had spoken of Voltaire, she was too keenly imaginative not to be interested in the house which any famous man had inhabited. Two quiet rooms—salon and bed-chamber—looked into a short broad alley of trees, a garden, and summer-house perched high on the hill-side, and commanding a wide prospect of fertile valley and gloomy mountain. All things in those two rooms were exactly as they had been in the great man's lifetime; everything was exquisitely neat, and all the colors had faded to those delicate half-tints which the artistic soul loveth: faint grays and purples, fainter greens and fawn-colors. Here was the narrow bed on which Voltaire slept, with its embroidered coverlet; chairs and fauteuils covered with tapestry; walls upholstered with figured satin damask, pale with age; Lekain's portrait over the bed; Madame du Châtelet's opposite, where the great satirist's cynical glance must have rested on it as he awakened from his slumbers.

They all looked reverently at these things, hushed and subdued by the thought that they were amidst the surroundings of the dead—belongings that had once been familiar and precious to him who now slept the last long sleep in his vault at the Pantheon, where never-ending gangs of Cook's tourists are perpetually being ushered into his mausoleum, and perpetually asking one another who was Voltaire?

They loitered a little in the garden, wrote their names in a visitors' book, and then went back to explore the village, and to take a modest luncheon of coffee and bread and butter, sour claret, and Gruyère cheese at one of the humble taverns, while the horses stood at ease before the door, and the driver refreshed himself modestly at the expense of his fare.

They drove home to the hotel by a way which passed through a quaint village, and then skirted the lake, and was somewhat more romantic than the country road by which they had come, and Daphne expressed herself satisfied, on the whole, with her first day in Switzerland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO-MORROW MORN.

How shall I meet my Love?
What shall I wear
To make me bloom sweet on his sight,
And thrill the air
With peerless premonition of delight?

Once but to bathe at dawn
And robe in white,
With crown of moss-rose buds, were art
Dazzling to light
The quickly kindled love of his true heart.

But now—so long my night,
So strange his day,
Meeting were mocked by 'tiring slight.
Bathe in Death's way,
O soul! clothe thee with lilies, and in white.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

These towers, which are built in a compound on the top of Malabar Hill, in the Island of Bombay, are six in number, and overlook the sea, the oldest one being 300 years. The internal arrangements of the towers are as follows: The bodies are placed in three separate circles—the outer and larger one for men, the middle one for women, and the smallest for children. There is a pit in the centre, into which the bones are thrown after the flesh is stripped off, and paths to allow the priest to move about. The flooring gradually sinks to the centre to let the rain into the pits, from which it runs through filters into the earth. The towers vary in size from about thirty to fifty feet in diameter, and eight to fourteen in height.

This Parsee mode of disposing of the dead seems to European minds very revolting. The body, after the religious ceremony is performed in the temple where the friends are assembled, is carried out and placed in one of the towers, where it remains exposed to the elements until the flesh is entirely eaten off, by the crowds of vultures which frequent the place, in about one hour. When the skeleton becomes dry, it is thrown into the pit in the centre; thus the rich and poor meet together on one level of equality after death. When the pit becomes full of bones, they are taken out and thrown into the sea, thus fulfilling one of the principal tenets of the Zoroaster religion, "That the mother-earth shall not be defiled."

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The site of this cathedral was a nunnery of St. Peter, in the southwest quarter of the old Roman city of Regnum, over which W. d'Albini, Earl of Arundel, resigned all his rights, laying a silver cup upon the altar in confirmation of his gift, which was designed to redress wrongs which he had done to the Church. The interior of the building, almost wholly Norman and Transitional, is marked by the plain, stern character of the semicircular arches, solid piers, and heavy cushion capitals without moulding or ornament. At a later period, shafts of Purbeck marble, some few sculptures, and carved capitals were added, without diminishing the original effect. The gems of the building are the eastern chapel of the north wing of the transept, the "great sumptuous south window," and the "Decorated lady-chapel."

The nave has, beyond the aisles, a range of chapels on either side; and three porches, the Galilee on the west, a northern, and a southern called St. Richard's, through which pilgrims, coming from the cloister, passed on their way to his shrine. This bishop of the see was canonized, and his body was translated from the northeast chapel to a grand feretory behind the high altar on June 16, 1276. The very ancient coffer with five locks at the end of the north aisle should not be overlooked by the visitor. The rood-loft, erected by Bishop Arundel before 1477, has been removed.

The transept has eastern chapels. One of these upon the north side is of an unusual form—an oblong with a central pillar; above it is the ancient muniment-chamber. Against the north wall are a series of portraits of "the bishops" from Stigand to Sherborne, painted by Bernardi early in the sixteenth century. The same artist added two pictures connected with the history of the cathedral, and of considerable value as illustrating the costume of the period, which are placed at the back of the stalls in the south wing. Here also stands a Perpendicular offering-chest, with a slit below the door for the reception of gifts in money.

On the west side is the sacristy, with Early English scroll-work on the door, and a small lavatory. Above it, early in the fourteenth century, Bishop Langton built in this unprecedented position a chapter-house, which retains a grand wooden chair, and opens by means of a sliding panel into a dark room over St. Richard's porch, which formed the secret treasury, the receptacle of the precious ornaments in times of danger. The nave chapels had gabled fronts.

The choir is formed under the crossing, and retains its stalls of the fourteenth century, which have curious misericords. The chancellor's stall is the most perfect, and retains crimson coloring. The old sacristy adjoins the retrochoir; over it were the sacristan's rooms. The presbytery had formerly a watching-loft over the altar, to which access was obtained by three stairs on either side from the triforium.

The retroaltare was divided between the feretory and the processional path. The raised platform of the shrine has been removed; it extended as far eastward as the two exquisite groups of five marble pillars, four of them being detached from the central shaft.

The lady-chapel has sedilia, drain, and aumbries. The walls are covered with marks and inscriptions, which were cut perhaps as memorials of vows. An ancient altar-table, removed from the wall of the nave aisle, has been placed here. One bay of the vaulting retains its painting of scroll-work and foliage by Bernardi. A priest-recluse's chamber adjoined it in 1402.

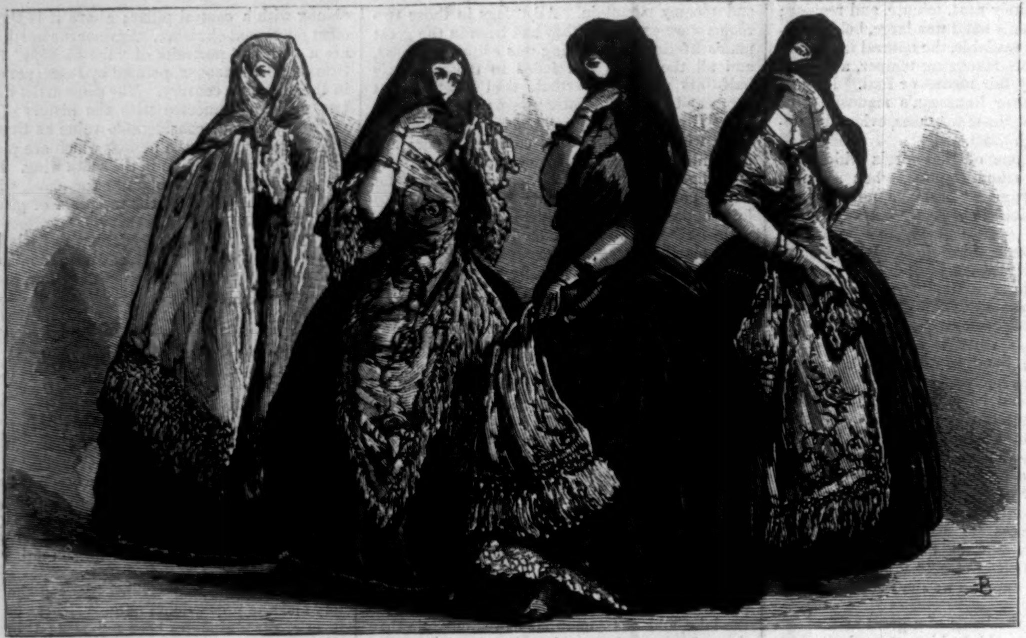
In the library, Herman's service-book, a primer, 1545, a MS. treatise of St. Augustine of the thirteenth century, several episcopal rings, patens, and chalices, and the head of a pastoral staff, are preserved, with a remarkable tablet of papal absolution granted to Bishop Goisfrid.

The dimensions of the cathedral are as follows: internal length, 380 feet; nave, 156×96.9+62.3 feet; transept, 130.6×34.3+62 feet; presbytery, 56×59.10+60 feet; retroaltare, 56.2×59.10+60 feet; lady-chapel, 62.2×20.7+72 feet; southwest tower, 25×20+95 feet; bell tower, 56×56+120 feet; steeple tower, 36.10×45.10+127.3 feet; spire, 149.9 feet; in all, 277 feet. This tower was called Le Manell because it held the lesser peal (*medianellæ*), rung for ordinary services. Two dedication crosses remain.

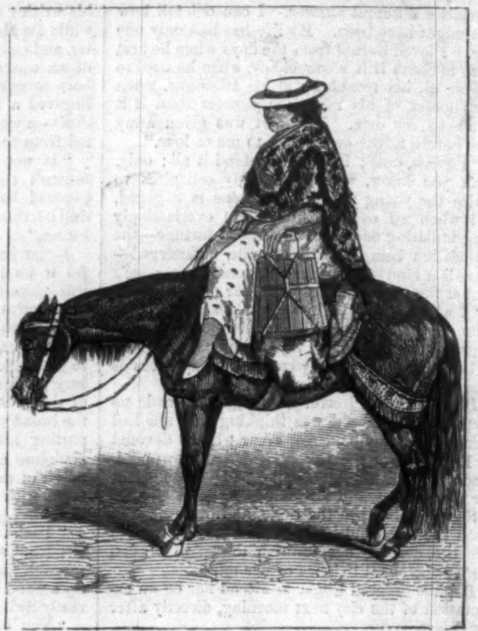
Of the Norman cathedral, the choir, presbytery, transept, and nave, with its aisles, remain, 1090–1120. It was consecrated by Bishop Ralph I. in 1108, and defaced by fire May 5, 1114. Three western bays of the lady-chapel, the east chapel of the north wing, and the vaulting of the aisles were completed 1170–80. On October 3, 1184, the cathedral was consecrated. Owing to a disastrous fire on October 20, 1187, the retroaltare was rebuilt, and made square-ended, and the nave vaulted; on September 12, 1199, there was a third dedication, by Seffrid II. (One curious result of the great fire was the masking the curve which it had caused in the outer wall of the nave, by a corbel table most ingeniously thickened in the centre, and thinned at either end: an upper Decorated parapet was added afterward, so that there are now two cornices.) Hitherto Quarr Abbey, Ventnor, and Sussex had supplied the materials; now Caen and Purbeck furnished marble and stone. An arcade was added to the clear-story; the central tower, by Bishop Neville, the sacristy, the porches, the east chapel of the south wing, the upper stages of the southwest tower, the nave chapels (first on the south), were completed 1200–50; the Galilee, 1270–1315; the eastern bays of the lady-chapel, by Bishop Gilbert de St. Leofardo, 1290; the south window, eastern rose, and chapter-house, 1315–37; and in the Perpendicular period, the spire, great north window, and the detached bell tower (1420–36) were completed. The latter is traditionally said to have been built out of the stones which W. Ryman had prepared to build a tower at Appledram without the king's license.

The position and form of the Perpendicular cloisters are alike unique. They are of three unequal alleys, and extend from St. Richard's porch to the processional path. That this was the original arrangement, a lancet window in the south wall, and an Early English cellarage still existing near St. Richard's Wyne, or lane, enable us to determine. This alley contains two other doorways—one of the time of Henry VII., with the arms of Henry V., which formed the entrance of the house of the royal chaplains of the Mortimer chantry, and the Decorated label of the doorway which led to the treasury (treasurer's house). The ceiling resembles those in William of Wykeham's colleges. The cemetery is called Paradise.

The Canon Lane has a gateway of the time of Richard II. on the east, and the Decorated palace gate-house on the west. Above the former the Pye Poudre Court was held during Sloe Fair. There are some Early English portions in the chantry, or precentor's house, and a Norman doorway near the bishop's gate. The hall of the Vicars' College (1370) retains a lavatory and reader's pulpit, and a common-room (1200), an old Gylden hall which stands over a Transitional Norman cellarage. The remains of the tracery of the window of St. Faith's Chapel are on the west wall. The palace contains an Early English chapel, with two consecration crosses and a picture of the Virgin and Child; a hall with a painted heraldic ceiling, and an octagonal kitchen, built by Bishop Sherborne.



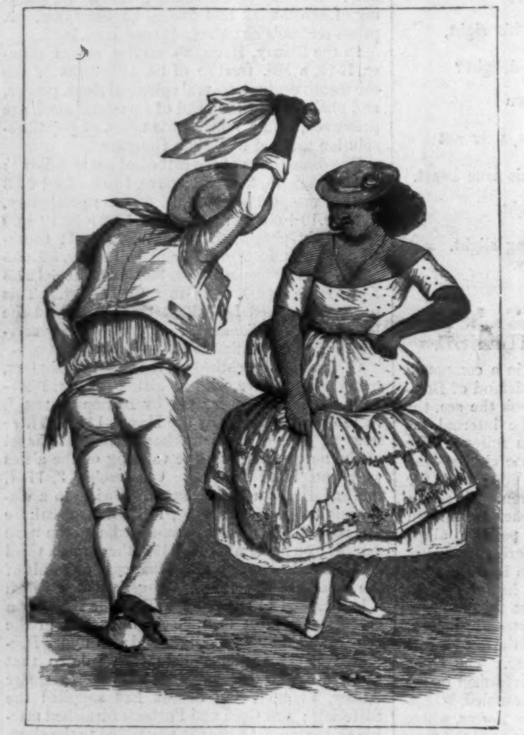
OUT-DOOR EVENING DRESS OF LIMA LADIES.



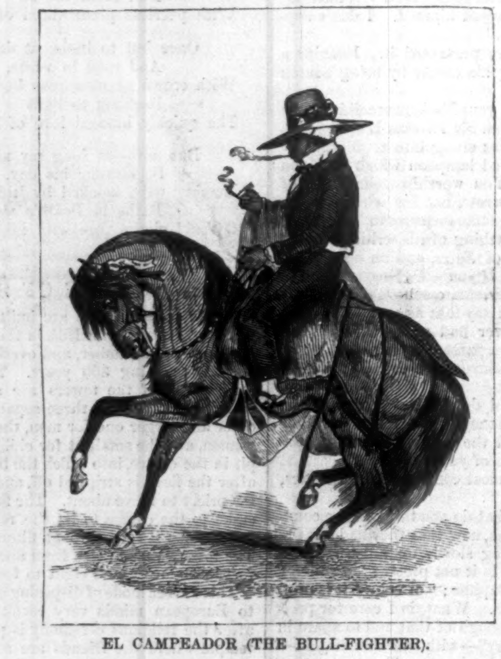
LA LECHERA (MILK-WOMAN).

LIMA TYPES.

The capture of Lima by the victorious Chilian army directs attention to that beautiful city and its inhabitants. The Peruvians are a mixed population, descendants of the Spanish conquerors and the natives with whom they intermarried, and their character is quite different from that of the Chilians. They are more excitable, more indolent, less enduring, and more fond of pleasure. Easily roused to passion, they become despondent under failure and discouragement, and accept defeat with indifference. The Lima sketches on this page show some of the characteristic costumes seen in and around the capital of Peru. The first displays the coquettish dress in which the ladies of Lima make their outdoor evening promenades, the veil only partially concealing the face. The costume on the extreme left is now seldom seen except in religious processions and at bull-fights, in which, like all women in whose veins the Spanish blood courses, the fair population of Lima take the keenest delight. This style of costume is called "La Tapada," signifying a veiled lady. The ladies of Lima are celebrated for their grace and beauty, and they are said to be better educated than most of their South American sisters. They count among their number several authors who have attained European fame. The other sketches, showing the national dance, the way in which milk and bread are carried round to customers, etc., require no explanation.



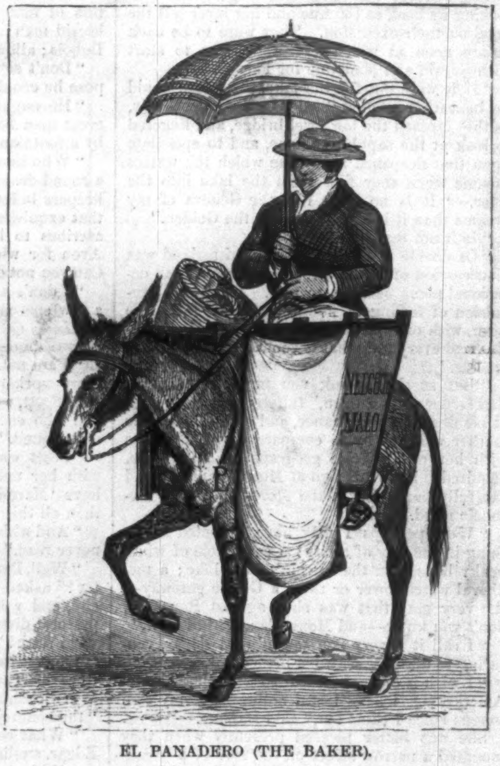
LA ZAMACUECA—THE NATIONAL DANCE.



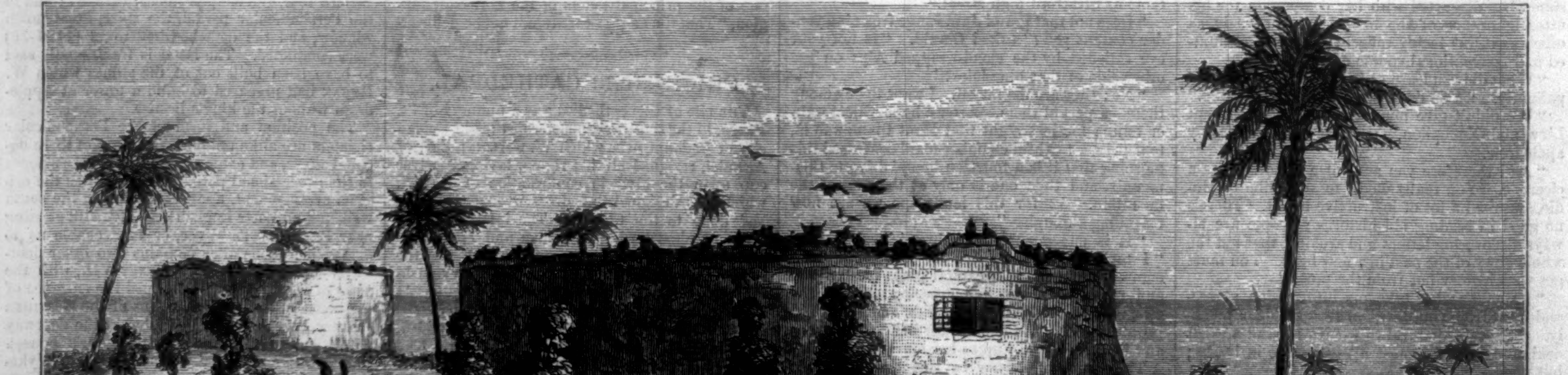
EL CAMPEADOR (THE BULL-FIGHTER).

STRANDED.

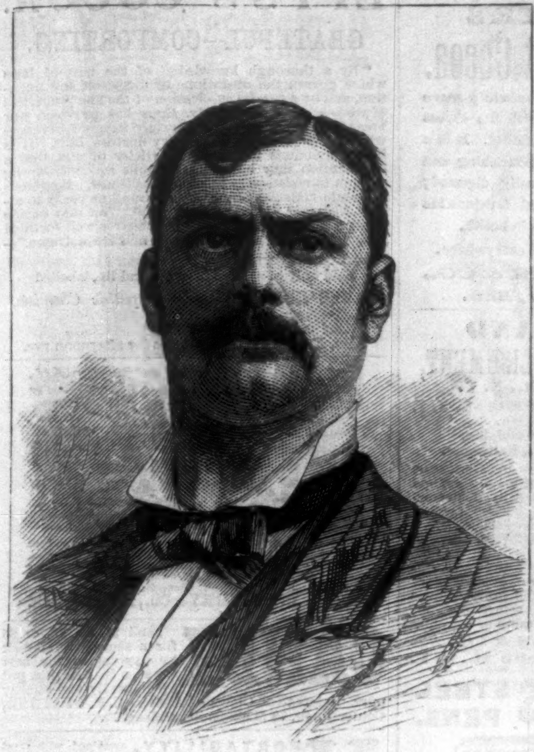
About daylight of February 1, the British steamer *Roraima* was stranded on the frozen beach that runs half way between the sea and Shark River, on the New Jersey coast. A blinding snow-storm prevented the captain from seeing the shore. Barnegat light had been sighted about one o'clock, and some three hours later three lights were sighted, which were supposed to be the Highland lights and the Sandy Hook beacon. It is thought the officers may have



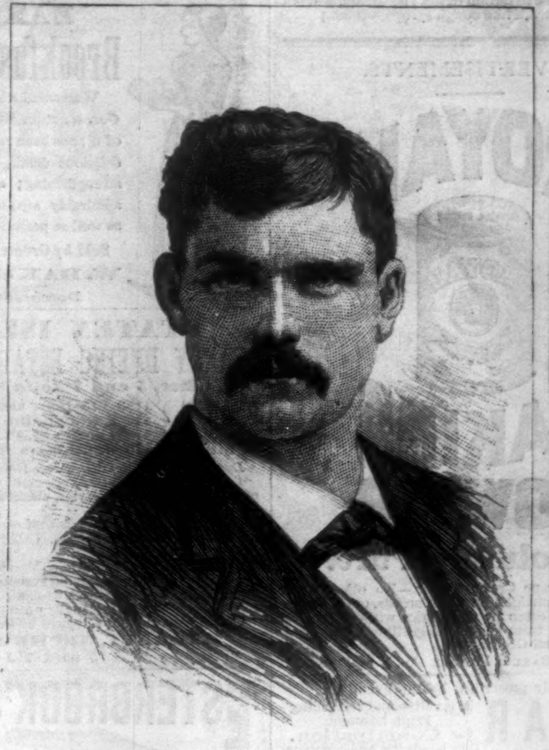
EL PANADERO (THE BAKER).



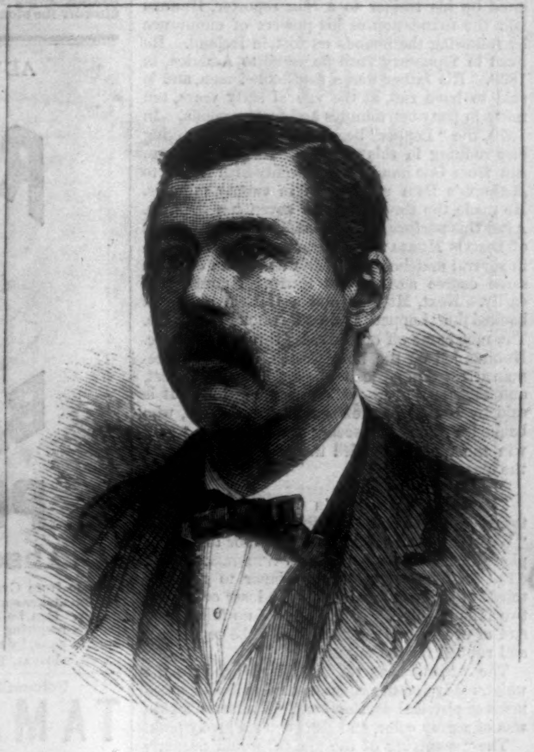
THE TOWERS OF SILENCE, ISLAND OF BOMBAY.—[See Page 123.]



WILLIAM MULDOON.—Phot. by Sarony.



CLARENCE A. WHISTLER.—Phot. by Mora.



JOHN HUGHES.—Phot. by Dessaur, Eighth Avenue, New York.

been confused by lights from Life-saving Stations Nos. 7 and 8 and the lantern of a patrolman.

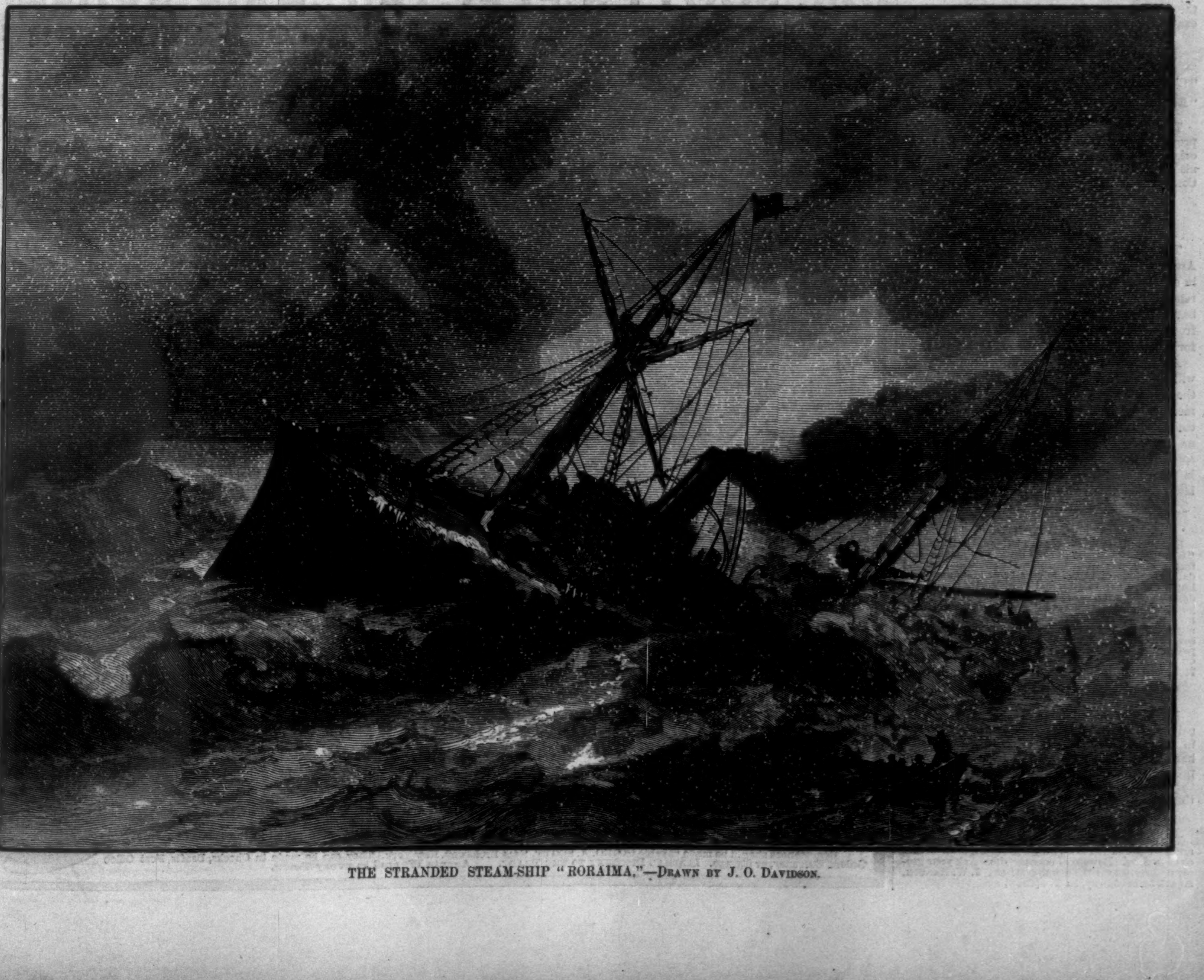
Captain **Trattles**, of the *Roraima*, declined all offers of help from the life-saving crews, who promptly hastened to his assistance, believing he should be able to get his vessel off without their aid, as she was in ballast only. The station men, however, remained by the stranded steamer all night. When our artist visited the scene, a day after she went ashore, her position was extremely perilous. The captain had hoisted all sail at daybreak and started his engines, in the hope of forcing his way off, but he ran the vessel on an unseen flat, where she stuck hard and fast, and gave our artist the opportunity to make the effective sketch shown on this page. Convinced that he would lose his vessel if he persisted in his course, Captain **Trattles** finally concluded to accept assistance. At the time of writing, the *Roraima* was still fast.

WALKING AND WRESTLING.

Two of the most remarkable feats of physical strength and endurance on record anywhere were performed in this city a few days ago—the one a go-as-you-please pedestrian race, and the other a Græco-Roman wrestling contest. Nothing of the kind that has taken place in years has attracted more attention in sporting circles, and even to the general public these marvellous displays of manly vigor were not without interest. The portraits of the heroes of both matches are given on this page.

There were over thirty contestants for the **O'Leary** belt at the opening of the race in the American Institute Building, many of whom were members of athletic clubs. Half of them gave out on the second day, and on the third day only ten remained on the track. The details of the contest are well known, and need not be repeated here. The result was wholly unexpected. At the outset nobody dreamed that **John Hughes**, the Tipperary Irishman who used to toss stone in Central Park, would carry off the prize, and beat the best time on record. But he started well, making 134 miles the first day. On the second he made 94; on the third, 96. Just before midnight on the fourth day he surpassed **Rowell**'s unparalleled score of 416 miles by just one mile. The fifth day he covered 83 miles more. The last day was one of great excitement. **Hughes** was in splendid condition, notwithstanding the fact that he had not slept more than three hours during the whole week. Rushing around with head and breast well forward, jaws firmly set, and hands up as if looking for a fight, he easily distanced his competitors. At times he pranced with the curious gait that once earned for him the title of the "Lepper." Before six in the evening he had finished 566 miles inside of 138 hours, or six hours better than **Rowell**'s time for the same distance. The scene at this point was simply indescribable. Hats were thrown in the air, handkerchiefs were waved, and men screamed themselves hoarse in their endeavor to pay homage to the man who had become the champion six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian of the world. After resting a while, he came on the track again, and shortly after nine o'clock he ended the race with a score of 568⅝ miles. **Albert**, the Philadelphian, fell short of this 10 miles; **Vint**, the Irish midget from Brooklyn, 18 miles; **Krohne**, the tall Prussian, 39 miles; and **Howard**, the muscular Englishman, 53 miles.

Hughes, who was entered by the *National Police Gazette*, is thirty years old, five feet seven inches in height, and weighs 150 pounds. His best record, previous to this match, was 521½



THE STRANDED STEAM-SHIP "RORAIMA."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

miles in 141 hours. According to the story as related by his trainer to a *Sun* reporter, HUGHES laid the foundation of his powers of endurance by following the hounds on foot, in Ireland. He lived in Tipperary until he came to America, in 1868. His father was a fleet-footed man, and is said to have run, at the age of sixty years, ten miles in sixty-one minutes and forty seconds. In 1870, the "Lepper" began his career of walking and running in this country. He undertook to run from One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street to McComb's Dam and return in twenty minutes. He made the three miles in seventeen minutes. After this performance, he made the acquaintance of DENNIS MURRAY, of Newark, who backed him in several matches. The first was a run over the same course against JIM SMITH. HUGHES won easily. Next, MURRAY and a Harlem alderman backed the "Lepper" against PATRICK FITZGERALD. The race came off on the same three-mile course. HUGHES led on the homestretch, when a policeman arrested him because he was bare to the waist, and FITZGERALD crossed the winning line. It is said by MURRAY'S friends that JOE COBURN, who backed FITZGERALD, seeing that HUGHES would win the race, persuaded the policeman to make the arrest.

The wrestling match in Terrace Garden between Police Officer MULDOON and WHISTLER, the "Western Wonder," so called, was for the championship medal, against which WHISTLER staked $100, its nominal value, the winner to get two-thirds of the gate-money, and the loser one-third, two falls in three. In the case of no fall, at the end of every hour the men were to be separated, and rubbed for ten minutes.

The wrestlers, as they stood stripped to the waist, ready for the conflict, were splendid specimens of physical development. WHISTLER'S skin was of a gray color, and MULDOON'S a lovely pink.

The "grappling of the giants" would properly describe the fierce struggle that took place between them. All night long they measured each other's strength, but neither got a positive advantage over the other from first to last, and there was not a single fall. When they had tugged away at each other for six hours, and were just about to begin on the seventh, the lights were put out, and the match was declared "off," until some future time.

KITCHEN ECONOMY AGAIN.

Later Tests Made by the Government Chemist.

THE analytical chemist for the Indian Department of the Government, Dr. Edward G. Love, has made further analyses of baking powders, and this time of samples, both of which were purchased by Dr. Love himself in open market.

As carbonic acid gas is the bread leavening power generated by the admixture of cream of tartar and bi-carbonate of soda, the following, copied from Dr. Love's certificate of analysis of the comparative yields of this gas by the powders examined, is of interest:

Name of the Baking Powder.	Available carbonic acid gas, cubic inches per each ounce of powder.
"Cleveland's Superior".......	118.2
"Royal".....................	116.2

The sample of Cleveland's Baking Powder previously analyzed, with result shown in the original article on "Kitchen Economy," was furnished to Dr. Love by the Royal Baking Powder Company.—*N. Y. Tribune, Jan.* 28, 1881.—[*Adv.*]

ARCHERY.

THE Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. F. E. PEARSALL, No. 298 Fulton St., Brooklyn, prepared to receive applications from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association.

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the Constitution, By-laws, etc.—[*Com.*]

"GRATITUDE AND DUTY."

HON. WM. D. KELLEY says in a letter to Dr. STARKEY: "Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from Chronic Catarrrh and almost daily effusions of blood, in greater or less quantities, impel me to say to you, and *to authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion*, that the use of your Compound Oxygen at intervals has so far restored my health that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year; and my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Phila., Pa.—[*Com.*]

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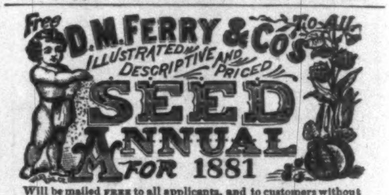

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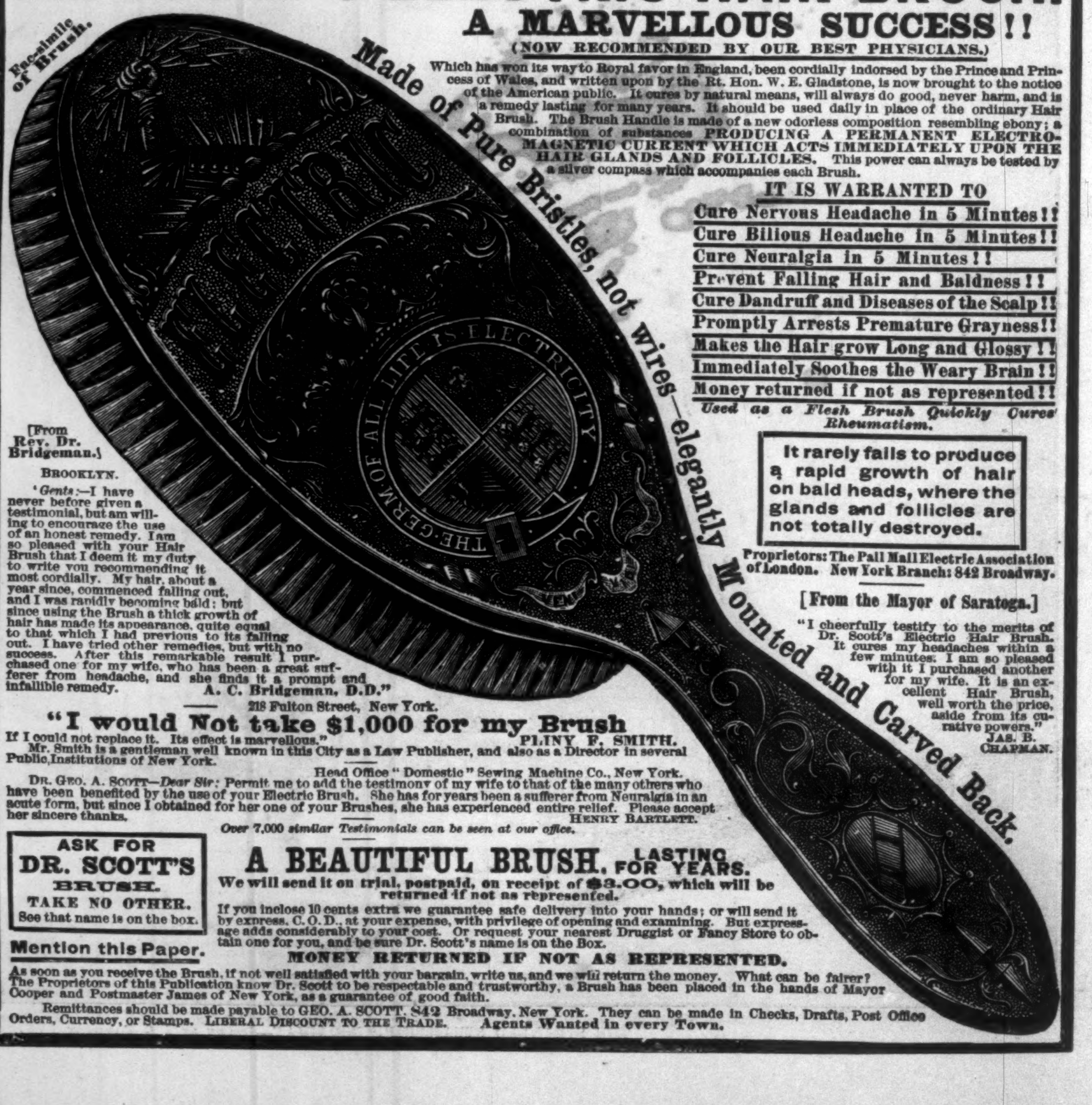
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[From the New York Times, Dec. 11.]

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[From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Dec. 24.]

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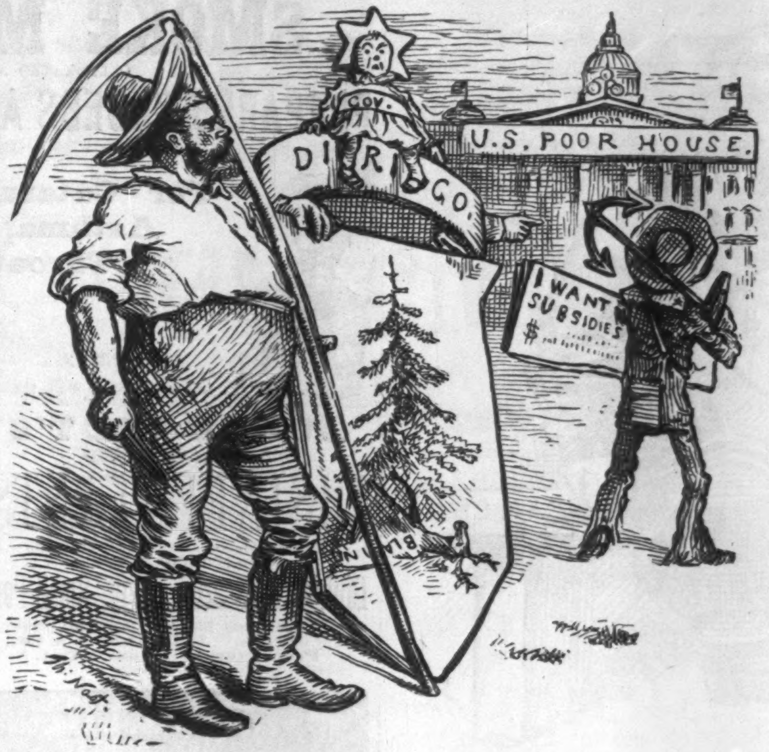

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